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THE BUILDING OF THE NEST.

BY ETHEL.

They'll come again to the apple-tree,
Robin and all the rest,
When the orchard branches are fair to see
In the snow of the blossom dressed;
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest.

Weaving it well so round and trim,
Hollowing it with care;
Nothing too far away for him,
Nothing for her too fair;
Hanging it safe on the topmost limb—
Their castle in the air.

Ah, mother bird, you'll have weary days
When the eggs are under your breast;
And your mate will fear for wilful ways
When the wee ones leave the nest;
But they'll find their wings in a glad amaze
And God will see to the rest.

So come to the trees with all your train,
When the apple-blossoms blow;
Through the April shimmer of sun and rain
Go flying to and fro,
And sing to our hearts as we watch again
Your fairy building grow.

HIS ONLY GIFT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE TEST," "A SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD."

CHAPTER V.

THAT night I sat in the sad summer twilight, and watched my darling as if I had been away from her for years. Had it not been as if I had, while she grew from childhood to womanhood unperceived by me? And saw the change, for, though it was the child-face still, in its sunny purity and innocence, that look of thoughtfulness and almost of care that I sometimes saw there, and had always fancied was the never-extinguished trace of the old sorrow of her childhood, might be the thoughtfulness of a woman perhaps.

No; it was only to me that my darling was still a child. To others——

But how could I judge of her as others would? How could I bear to look, even for one moment, as a stranger would upon the girlish face and form guarded so sacredly in my heart? I tried, in this vain wish of mine, to see my child as others saw her, to compare her with other ladies I had seen; but who was there in our little world who ought to be compared with her, I said, my eyes resting happily upon the quiet figure standing near me in the twilight.

With all her riches and her high education, what was the young lady at the Hall besides Miss Mary's child—who had been nurtured only in the grim old farm, and educated so differently? "It is her birth asserting itself," I thought, grateful that this humble life of mine, to which I had brought her, could not efface that. "Though Miss Fortescue has the home and wealth which should have been May's, she can never have her beauty and her grace."

But another thought followed soon, as I recalled the lessons this long day had taught me. Even the home and the wealth too may come back to Miss Mary's child; for was not the young Squire as deeply in earnest as the curate? And would it not be a proud day for him if he could take my pretty child as mistress to the home that had belonged to her forefathers for four hundred years?

"What is it, John?"

My darling—wondering perhaps at my long silence—had come softly up to me in the fading light, and stood opposite, looking down upon me with her wistful smile.

"Has Mr. Leslie been again complaining of me, John? Please, I should like to leave off my reading lessons now. I——"

"You what, dear?"

"I know as much as he does."

"Leslie is a very good teacher, May," I said, scarcely knowing what to say, only glad at heart, I remember that she knew of his love, and so could not learn it from any words and looks of mine. "I know no one who manages my little rebel better or better deserves her respect. For my dear——"

"My dear," mimicked May, screwing up her lips, as she bent her sweet face close to mine, and put her hands upon my shoulder—"my dear, his lessons have grown very tiresome to me lately, and so I want to leave them off."

In spite of her gay mimicry, a look almost of pain had stolen into her eyes, I felt that the few words were unusually earnest words, and somehow I knew instinctively that I had better leave Leslie's cause in his own hands. I had given him permission to plead it when he would. But could I help wishing that, when my child should leave me, it would be to go back to her mother's home? Would she not soon be told by the young Squire that this was the wish of his heart?

Next day Mr. Leslie heard gently from his old pupil that he could never be more to her than a dear friend—almost an elder brother, she said, with the tears filling her eyes because she saw how little he had expected this reply, and how deeply he felt her quiet sad refusal of his love.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM that very day—with a strange persistency which grew out of my fear lest she should see what real pain the subject always gave me, because of the selfishness I could not overcome—I tried to get into the habit of talking to May of Ernest Fortescue's hope, as if it were as pleasant a thought to me as it must be to her.

Mr. Fortescue had now been dead about two years, and the young Squire was five-and-twenty. So I felt how little reason he would have for any delay in winning the girl he loved for his wife. So, as I say, I gradually slipped into the way of talking to May about her future in the old home, and never did I let her guess of any pain this subject gave me; while she received it every day differently, in a childish, wilful way, which I quite well understood, though she fancied that it skilfully hid from me all deeper and truer feeling.

When we would pass the old Hall, in our walks or rides together, I tried to speak of it as of a home from which she was only temporarily absent; and, if all this was done in selfishness—that I might prepare myself, and be saved from a great shock at last—she never guessed it was so. I used again and again to tell her how her mother loved the beautiful old house, and show her favorite spots in the park and gardens.

Then I would wonder, in quite an easy way, whether those nooks would be the favorites too of her mother's child. Sometimes, in that quaint, grave way of hers, May would discuss these fancies thoughtfully, as if they related only to some one in whom we took a mutual interest.

Sometimes she would stop me in a sudden, dignified way that was almost comic. Sometimes she would silence me pettishly and impatiently, blushing the while in a strange, nervous way that I understood—I was growing quick now to understand such signs.

I remember well the day on which I first felt able—without betraying anything that it would have distressed my child to see—to speak to her seriously about her future.

It was in the summer twilight, and I remember how still the roses were around the open window, and how richly and daintily the scent of jasmine filled the quiet room. May had been singing to me in the fading light—choosing of course just those songs she could remember without music or light—and the last she had sung had touched me strangely and inexplicably. It was not a new song either. I had heard her sing it many times before, and had even joined in it sometimes, improvising a bass, as May used to delight in my doing, all through those happy days before I knew that she was a child no more; but on that evening it seemed to have a new, sad, reproachful meaning for me. And so I gently and gratefully took its lesson to my heart, before my child left the piano, and came back to her old place on the quaint low chair I had chosen for her so long ago, and which always stood beside mine.

"May," I said then, without touching the pretty, bright hair, which it had been a silly habit of mine to stroke as she sat beside me thus in this quiet twilight hour, "that was a good little girl in your song; but I don't, all the same, think she was quite justified in disappointing her lover for the sake of her parents. Of course," I went on (I hope just in my old straight, forward way), "it is very pretty in a song for her to think of those who will miss her when she goes to her husband's house, and for their sakes to bid him bide a wee. But in real life, my pet, his claim should have come first, however truly and sadly she could say—

'And weel I ken they'd miss me, lad,
They did but think of me?'"

"I don't think," May said, slowly folding her hands on the arm of my chair, "that she could have done otherwise. In some cases it might have been different; but don't you remember—

'They gave no thought to self at all,
They did but think of me?'"

"May," I said, wondering a little over the great earnestness in her lifted face, and bringing in my answer rather hurriedly and even irrelevantly, "I have often feared that you did not think seriously enough over Mr. Leslie's proposal to you. I wish I had been able myself to warn you what was coming. But I am a sleepy fellow, and had forgotten that my pet had grown into a woman. Now I know it, and can caution her sagely, bidding her remember that, however pretty she may be, and however worth the winning, she has no right to go on winning the love of good men and never accepting it. There, dear, you must imagine me the 'old folk,' putting to you my view of the question—bungling over it of course, or it would not be me."

"Bungling—yes," May answered, with that slow gravity of her childhood—"or it would not be you, John. And I am not to bungle again, I suppose, as I bungled in refusing Mr. Leslie?"

I could have fancied her jesting, but for that tell-tale blush which rose so slowly and softly in her cheeks, as her thoughts caught and held my meaning.

"Those old folk in the song ought to have had a word or two to say in the matter of their pet leaving them," I said. "It is very hard upon us never to get a hearing. Now just suppose I were not allowed to say what I think before my pet goes to live in her mother's old home, and with one whom her mother would so well have liked."

Again that slow, bright blush spread over the face on which I gazed so anxiously—only anxiously, I trust, though my heart beat so heavily in its love and longing.

"You like Mr. Fortescue better than you like Mr. Leslie," May said.

"Could Leslie have given my pet such a home as——"

"That is no answer," May interrupted, with one of her rare flashes of petulance, though still she kept her seat beside me, and I tried not to fear any coming day when the low, pretty chair should stand near me vacant. "You never say you like Ernest Fortescue for his own sake. If—if I ever tell you that I love him, John, it will not be for the sake of his home; it will be for—for himself."

"Of course it will, my child," I answered, knowing she would never learn how hard it was for me to say these things, and finding courage at last to lay my hand upon her head; "and it shall be a happy day for—both of us, as well as for him."

"Suppose the day never comes," she said, her eyes bright with laughter. "Now that you have settled everything, what shall I do if he never asks me—my opinion on the subject of a future mistress for the Hall?"

"I think he will consult you, dear," I said, trying after my usual quiet, practical tones, "and, when he does, I shall feel that I give you not only to a pleasant clever man, but to a gentleman who, being in your own grade of life——"

"My grade of life!" May interrupted, tapping her foot impatiently upon the floor. "What does that mean, John? I am a farmer's child, and no one whom you hold above you can in my grade of life. That I was not born in this dear old farm, and that you are not like other farmers, makes no shadow of difference."

There was a little pause, which I could not bear to break, because it was filled so warmly by the memory of that time her words had recalled to me, when first a child's soft hand caressed me, and a child's lips lay upon my own. It was my pet herself who broke the pause at last, lifting her head from the arm of my chair, and looking straight into my eyes, a little defiantly perhaps, yet rather wistfully too.

"These wise little bits of advice you give me, John, don't come a bit naturally from your dear old lips; and, when you tell me of those gorgeous visions you see of my future, your eyes don't seem a bit to see anything of the kind. I would not like to hint that you tell fibs, John, but—but—well, I think other subjects are more in your line. Are you so terribly afraid of having me too long upon your hands?"

"Dear, I am only afraid of keeping my——" I broke off my speech in haste. It would have been the wildest that I had ever made to her, and never before had my voice shaken as it shook then in its suppressed passion. But I had said too little to betray me, and the gathering darkness hid from her that brief flash of truth upon my face. She should have no pain of mine to bear, and even for me—would it not be harder for me to let her go to her mother's home, if she had guessed of the desolation she would leave in mine?

CHAPTER VII.

"I cannot be surprised," poor Leslie had said to me, humbly and dejectedly, when he told me of May's refusal, "when I have such a rival as Mr. Fortescue. Independently of his really good qualities and personal attractions, it must of course be a great temptation to May to go and reign in the beautiful old home of her grandfathers."

I had said it would be well and natural for it to be so, and I thought it too, for what other home was worthy of my dar-

ling? And to whom could I ever give her so willingly as to the handsome courtly gentleman who wooed her with such untiring earnestness?

One thing I puzzled over a good deal. Thoroughly as May always enjoyed Mr. Fortescue's society at the farm, she never seemed to care to go to the Hall, though the invitations sent to her were constant and most persuasive. Sometimes they came for both of us, and then May always said she would go. So I tried to like the thought when she said that, and was generally ready to go with her, because she would enjoy it, though I was but dull company for Miss Fortescue when I got there. My thoughts were seldom in the present, for, if they were not resting on that past, when Miss Mary had talked to me so kindly and so helpfully in the dear old rooms, they were ever trying to touch that future when my pet should call this home, and make it sweet and bright beyond all words—when she should be the cherished wife of a man who was her equal, and who would give her all which I would have loved to lavish upon her, had I had it in my power.

That autumn the Squire determined to give the village children a treat in his park. I know how the idea had first occurred to him on one of those days when he found May in the school playground starting the children at their games, as she often did, because our village school mistress was lame; but no one could blame him if the plan did not originate solely in his desire to give the children pleasure, because he was so energetic and so happy over it, and labored so very indefatigably to impress upon May the fact that he liked village school children for their own sakes alone. One thing I was glad to see. He never teased May for advice, nor made her the recipient of his plans. Perhaps his sister helped him: taking an interest in the feast because there were to be private guests too; but in any event May and I were only invited exactly as other guests.

I don't think it was cowardice—though I felt sure that before this day was over young Fortescue would ask my pet that question which I dreaded—that made me wish to stay away from the Hall that day. I think it was only the old lonely life, which so surely was prepared for me now. So I tried to take it for granted that May would go without me.

"Such things are so little in my way, pet," I said. "You will go without me this once?"

"No, John."

There followed no enticing and persuading. She pretended she was as willing to stay at home as I was. And, though for a moment I longed selfishly that she should do so, knowing our happy days together were so nearly over, I could not let her. Should I keep my bird shut in this old cage with me, when her bright voice and face were longed for, and listened so eagerly for, in the wide pleasant world beyond?

"But, May," I argued, "Miss Fortescue needs only young people about her. You will all race and dance and frolic, and make yourselves children among children. Of what use shall I be? I would rather stay away. I am more in my place here, darling."

There was silence, perfectly contented, easy silence, while my child hummed a little, over the new book she was cutting for me. It was utterly in vain to try to read her face, and I was not quite comfortably certain of her acquiescence, so I came round to the question again, gently—

"You will be sure to enjoy yourself, my pet."

Still silence.

"And I shall be here to receive you when you come home."

Still no answer, and, though I felt so troubled, I could scarcely help a smile, as, in that quiet debonair way of hers (spoilt child that she was), she drove me to the question direct.

"You understand that I decide to stay at home, May?"

"Oh, yes!"

"You look forward"—I had come up to her side, and was stroking her hair softly, but I heard the wistfulness even of my own voice, "to enjoying the day, my darling, don't you?"

"Very much, John. I always do enjoy a quiet day at home with you."

I started from her almost guiltily. Had I been tempting her, in my unconscious dread of our coming parting? Had I too plainly shown my own solitariness, that she—so bright and merry and so courted ever among young people—should voluntarily (in her pity for me) forfeit this treat which I knew she would so thoroughly enjoy, and to which her very presence would give such extra pleasure?

"May, this is nonsense," I said, and turned quite away from her; "you must promise me to go."

"Not without you, John."

And then my darling's arms were round my neck, and her warm eyes were looking into mine; looking into mine with such intense determination, yet with such laughter also, that I laughed too. And I don't know where that sullen mood all went, for in another minute I had promised to go to the Hall with May, and had received my kiss of pardon.

So, when the day came, we walked together over the fields, just in our own old way, May holding up the skirt of her new dress in a way which filled me with conflicting feelings, the daintiness of it was so womanlike, her pride in the act so childlike.

"Are you sorry we came, John?" she asked quite suddenly, as she sat down on the last stile, with certainly no appearance of haste.

Sorry! Was I ever sorry when she was with me?

CHAPTER VIII.

QUIETLY and simply dressed as my child was, she shone pre- minently in her grace and beauty among the guests we found clustered on the lawn, not quite knowing apparently whether they ought to venture among the school children, who had already begun to play in earnest among the trees of the park. But for herself May settled this question promptly, in her generous self-forgetting way; and by ones and twos the fashionable ladies sauntered in her wake; and some easily, some awkwardly, but none ungraciously, they too joined, as my child did, in the simple merry games.

Mr. Fortescue hovered at her side, for his duties as host were not stringent in such a gathering as this; and presently, from following her lead, he grew to seem almost as much at home among the children as my darling did, and certainly, except herself, he did most and thought most for their pleasure and amusement.

I had great opportunities for noticing everything, for I could not join in all the younger ones did. Yet somehow—I suppose through knowing all the children and their parents, as of course I did, having lived all my life in the village—I had very few idle minutes; so I noticed how the young Squire was always near my child, yet that she never seemed to give him the opportunity of talking to her. Quite merrily always, yet persistently, and probably unnoticed by any one save myself, she evaded any walking or conversing with him apart. Whether it were purposely or unconsciously done I could not be sure, but that it was so I was certain from the first. No sooner was Mr. Fortescue at her side, as he so often was, with his air of ready appropriation, than she would disappear. But it was only to start a race, or help a tiny child in the game, so who could wonder at her swift change of place, when her refusals to dance with the young Squire were only that she might be partner to some shy country lad, or pair off two little children and start them in the step? In that quiet observance of her which had grown so natural to me, I saw all this. But I never wondered over it, because I knew that nothing would prevent my darling devoting this day to the children, and never allowing her own pleasure to interfere in any way with theirs.

The afternoon games were over, and the children were having tea upon the lawn—waited on by many pairs of willing dainty hands, while the Hall servants found their services all anticipated by their master and his guests—when I, standing a little apart to watch the tea, was joined by Miss Fortescue. I don't understand anything about ladies' dresses, but I remember to this day thinking, as she came towards me, how beautiful my child would look in such a dress, and—how soon it would be in her power to wear it.

"A curious picture," Miss Fortescue said, pausing beside me, and glancing across the lawn. "I should think, Mr. Fearne, that you never saw such an assembly here before."

"Twenty years ago," I answered—quietly and briefly, as I always spoke of those old times to any one save May—"I often saw the children here, and all the villagers."

"Twenty years ago!" Miss Fortescue repeated, with a polite forced air of incredulity. "You mean when you were a little boy. Who entertained the poor people here then?"

"Miss Western's mother."

"Before she married Major Western?"

"Yes, certainly, Miss Fortescue."

"Mr. Fearne, is it not true that you saw Mrs. Western after her husband's death?"

"Once, yes."

So far I had thought her questions mere idle chat carried on for my benefit, as we both stood apart idly watching the busy scene; but now, glancing down into her face, I saw something there which made my heart beat faster. She was troubled, and had come, of her own will, to me to bring this trouble. With her questions still ringing in my ears, did I not know that this trouble must touch my child? Without stirring a muscle, I yet felt as if I raised a hand to ward it off, as I asked Miss Fortescue some trifling question about the gardens.

"Will you walk round with me?" she said, for all answer to my remark. "I would like to speak with you for a few moments where no one can overhear us."

Like a man in a dream, I offered my arm, and led Miss Fortescue down a quiet shrubbery path on the outskirts of the lawn. For long minutes, that seemed to me to tell an hour, she kept silence; yet, though the silence seemed so long, I dreaded even the first word that should break it.

"You say, Mr. Fearne, that you saw May's mother after she lost her husband?"

Miss Fortescue had taken her hand from my arm, and sat down upon an iron seat in the shrubbery, signing to me to seat myself beside her; but I stood opposite, my arms folded, as if I could win strength by my stillness, and my eyes lowered among the dusky leaves, dreading to see upon her face any sorrow that my child might have to bear.

"Yes, I went to Paris the very day after I heard of—after I read the account of Major Western's su—death."

"In what paper did you read it? Can you remember?"

"I remember almost every word of the account, though it was in French. And I have the paper still."

"You have?" she questioned, with a change of tone, and rising a moment to look round in rather a suspicious way. "Then I would like to read it, if you will let me."

"Why, Miss Fortescue?" I asked, really astonished. "Surely such a painful subject had better lie undisturbed, now that time has mercifully buried it."

"If time had mercifully buried it," she observed, still with such calm self-possession, yet still with something in her tone that made my pulses throb like a coward's.

"There can be no 'if,'" I said, trying to grasp Miss Fortescue's meaning. "The—death happened nearly nine years ago."

"Mr. Fearne"—she had lifted her face to mine, and was looking searchingly at me as she spoke—"the death—as you forbearingly call it—never happened at all. Major Western is living now, and is coming here to claim his daughter."

For a moment the low trees reeled before my eyes, then I remember hasty words of contradiction falling passionately from my lips, while I felt the muscles tighten in my folded arms, and a pain like an iron hand press my forehead. Yet scarcely a minute could have elapsed before I sat down near Miss Fortescue, and told her, very quietly, but with utter certainty, that it was impossible—that May had no father but—myself.

The words sounded easy and commonplace enough. Who need ever guess the struggle that it cost me to speak of myself so to Ernest Fortescue's sister?

"It would be well indeed for May if that were so," my companion answered "for her life has been a very happy one, I'm sure, since you have taken her father's place, as you have done indeed, Mr. Fearne; though of course we know there can be but about sixteen or seventeen years between you, and so it would be more suitable to speak of you as her elder brother."

"Will you tell me," I interrupted—for how could I care to hear her so discuss my child and me?—"why you had that fancy that Major Western was not dead?"

"I have," she said, with a smile, "his own word that he lives. He has written to my brother, from Berlin, and speaks of being here in the course of a month. Do not think that I am unmoved by this unfortunate occurrence; I have been most troubled. But it is two days now since I heard it first."

"Then why——"

"Why did I not let you know at once?" she put in, when I paused. "Because, Mr. Fearne, it is so difficult to find you alone, out of May's sight and hearing, and because it would be such a pity for May to hear of this—yet."

This mention of my child, and my child's possible sorrow, in such a cold and studied voice, quickened my own impatient reply that she need never hear of such a falsehood. But, even before the words were uttered, I had remembered that Miss Fortescue could have no motive for speaking to me so, unless she did it on her brother's behalf. At his request she must have left her guests to speak to me alone, while my child was with him; and he, who loved my darling so well, could have begged his sister's help only for the purpose of sparing her pain. In real shame for my impatience, and suspicion, I apologized to Miss Fortescue for my words. For was it any fault of hers that she could not speak of my child with such love and tenderness as filled my heart, and that she could not do her brother's bidding just as he would have done it?

"I do not wonder that your first feeling was utter incredulity, Mr. Fearne," she said gently, accepting my apology. "It was mine too, and my brother's. Major Western's letter took us so utterly by surprise that through the whole day we never once believed in its genuineness. Perhaps we both feared too much to allow ourselves to look into it again. At any rate we set aside that day the very possibility of such an unfortunate future for May. But we both knew it would be cowardly to avoid the truth, whatever it might be, until that truth might break upon us all the more crushingly. So—but what need to lengthen what I wish to say to you? I will give you Major Western's letter, and you will think what is wisest to do. For ourselves, we see but one way to save his daughter pain and—even degradation."

"That would be impossible for May," I said, in my quiet, practical way, feeling utterly heavy-hearted to hear this word coupled with my darling's name, even by one who spoke in kindness.

"From all such feelings," she went on, with a brief compassionate glance into my face, "we all of us would like to spare her. I have learnt to feel for her almost as a sister; you, we all know, have been as a brother to her for many years; and Ernest"—she broke off here with a smile, and shook her head—"I don't know what to say of Ernest, except that he would give his life to keep her free from such a pain and humiliation as this would be for her—as this must be, unless we ensure her happiness in the only way that is possible to us."

"And that is——"

I asked the question in a heavy, listless voice that scarcely sounded like my own. If her father really lived, and chose to claim his child, could the strength or depth or passion of our love for her withstand this claim?

"If she were married, Mr. Fearne, her father could not take her from here. She would be safely established in her mother's home."

The words were uttered kindly in their slow distinctness, though to me they sounded icily cruel. Yet had I not for months been preparing myself—ay, and even preparing May too—for this future of hers, marked out to me so clearly now as wise and best? Was I to flinch at the last moment from giving my child to the life that would be so bright for her, and to the husband whom surely her own mother would have chosen?

"Will you tell me," I asked, merely to gain time before I was brought face to face with that other question, "how Major Western explains what occurred eight years ago?"

"It is a long story, he says," Miss Fortescue answered quickly, as if all this were no more pleasant to her to tell than to me to hear, could he postpone entering into full particulars until he sees us. He was tempted to practice a fraud to escape his creditors, and circumstances and chance—as well as his landlady—assisted him. He speaks lightly—indeed I may say flippantly—of the transaction, and seems to think there can be but little blame attached to him, because it was, as he describes it, a desperate emergency. He has been in hiding ever since, abroad, but now has determined to run all risks and return to England, if only to fetch his daughter. He had heard of her having been brought back here, and I suppose concluded unquestioningly that she had lived ever since in her grandfather's old home. It was a not unnatural fancy, was it? He found out that the house had been occupied by Mr. Fortescue, and so wrote, as he says, directly to him about May. I can see him so fancies Mr. Fortescue an old gentleman with a wife and family,

among whom May Western has been adopted and brought up as a daughter. My brother and I, Mr. Fearne, think it just as well that this should be his certainty until he comes himself, when, it is to be hoped, his daughter will be beyond his governance. I'm sure you will be as my brother is to make quite sure of this."

I am anxious! The blood seemed boiling in my veins, and my heart ached to take my child from this planning. Sternly I told myself that this was only my own hope for her, and what would be best for her; the reiteration in my own thoughts, while it calmed me, only made that iron grasp upon my forehead all the heavier.

"This is so sudden," I said, as quietly as I could. "I have scarcely yet realized it. When may I see this letter?"

"To-morrow," Miss Fortescue answered, rising now as I had done, but pausing beside me. "My brother hopes you will give him an interview to-morrow, and allow all arrangements to be made for a speedy marriage. Then they will go abroad, and thus May will be spared this misery, you see, Mr. Fearne. When Ernest calls on you to-morrow, he will tell you——"

She was saying this to me, in a lowered, earnest voice, standing at my side, when she stopped abruptly, her eyes turning suddenly from my face. Then I, following her glance, saw my child coming towards us along the shrubbery path, and in the same moment saw her pause and start, while the soft, bright blush I knew so well rose slowly to her hair. In my own sad consciousness of what we had been saying, I seemed to understand this blush upon my child's wistful, questioning face; but I saw how it astonished my companion, and how she moved from my side with uncharacteristic eagerness, and spoke at once to May. But I—I could say nothing to my darling.

"I wondered where you were, John," she said, without coming a step nearer to me. "I will go back now."

Before she could understand Miss Fortescue's prompt answer, the young Squire had come among us in his search for May, and a swift smile broke upon her lips as, without a moment's hesitation, she turned to walk back with him. Quite silently Miss Fortescue and I followed them, until, just as we were about to leave the shrubbery and turn into the open lawn, my companion stopped me with a touch upon my arm.

"Mr. Fearne," she said, "I'm afraid I have but awkwardly and imperfectly fulfilled my brother's commission, or pleaded his cause with you. But you yourself made it almost needless for me to do so, as you saw everything so exactly in the light in which we saw it. I may tell Ernest, may I not, that you will see him to-morrow morning, and will help him to shorten the time for any secrecy between us and May?"

"Why does he wish to see me?" I asked in unconquerable rebellion, though I knew well that there was but one favor the young Squire would sue from me in my plain simple home.

"Your question proves how clumsy I am at explanation," Miss Fortescue said, smiling, but with a rather searching and doubtful glance up into my face. "My brother wishes to see you, Mr. Fearne, that he may win you thoroughly to his side in advocating a very early marriage between himself and May Western. You see, do you not, that, if her father finds her living simply under your guardianship, as she is now, we can offer not the slightest resistance to his taking her with him where and when he chooses? Of course he now has every right to do so. And it would be very hard for you, after your care of her, to send her out into such a life as that of the professed gambler, and a world that would be worse than death to a pure, shy, truthful girl like May. You are very patient with me, Mr. Fearne, while I say so much that need not be said at all, and which you understand in your thoughts so much more clearly and readily than I do myself. I'm sure that without a word of mine you saw at once the danger in which May stands, and the one sure way of escape that is open to her. If she is married—and especially if she and Ernest have left England—her father's coming, even when she knows of it, will cause her very little sorrow, and certainly no fear and misery. Even when they return she will be safe in her husband's home here."

"Of course," I put in, with a strange unnatural quietness, "she would be safe in her husband's home—anywhere."

"Anywhere—yes," assented Miss Fortescue rather hastily—"but of course more so here where Ernest's position is unquestionable, and his influence so great. Then now, Mr. Fearne," she concluded, walking slowly on, "we understand each other perfectly, do we not? And we shall both guard this secret from the poor child herself, for we cannot help sparing one we love so well. Even I, who certainly do not know her as you do, feel most anxious that she shall be guarded from such a terrible fate as living with her father; and I shall leave home much more happily this winter if she is established in the position I vacate—in a higher position, I ought to say, as my brother's wife."

I knew Miss Fortescue thus alluded to her own approaching marriage, and in a vague bewildered way I felt grateful to her for doing so. To touch upon any subject that was not my separation from my child was such a relief to me. I think I spoke of it, telling it, in my quiet clumsy way, that I had been glad to hear of it, and wished her every happiness, and—and was grateful, I said, to feel that she would not be solitary after her brother had—married. I know now that what I said must have sounded strange to her, for my thoughts were selfishly filled with my own solitariness; but she was very patient with me, and even showed no surprise upon her face, while she offered me her hand and gave me smiling thanks for—I suppose for what she knew that I had meant to say.

Then we sauntered on to join the other guests, among whom I looked in vain for May and Mr. Fortescue.

CHAPTER IX.

It was not until the children had been dismissed, and we had assembled in the great entrance hall where tea was laid for us, that I began to feel a little uneasy about my child's continued absence. Ever since that minute in which she had both joined and left us in the shrubbery, I had felt intensely lonely, even though I had purposely mixed in the crowd much more than I had done before, with a strange, absurd fancy that I might act for her perhaps in her absence. How strange it was, that intense solitariness of mine, while all the scene around me was so gay and noisy and active! I talked to the children with ease and even merriment; I proposed and led one of the best games of the evening; I led them through the National Anthem, and helped to unite the little groups for their dismissal. I found they all laughed when I spoke to them, as if I jested, and I found them giving me especial good-byes, and I knew that I was taking May's place, and that presently I should be my own quiet, practical self again, and this dream would have passed. But then—ah, no, it did not do to think of that, for a sadder awaking was to follow—the awaking to a loneliness of which this night must be a forecast, or—or to a sadder knowledge for my child than I could ever dare to give her.

I heard Miss Fortescue asking for her brother many times while we loitered round the tables; but I seemed to hear more clearly still—more distinctly even than the questions directly addressed to me, and which I answered with such apparent pleasure—those few words Miss Fortescue had said to me—"I know of course that you have nothing at heart more earnestly than the welfare of your child." Surely, when I allowed myself to think, it was my own misery I had at heart; so—I must not think.

The lamps were being lighted in the hall, and the trees growing dim and dark against the sky, when some one near me, looking from the window, exclaimed that Mr. Fortescue and Miss Western were coming at last. I was glad to have heard this, for it prepared me to see them come in together, as I knew they would—he with such pride and hope in his young handsome face, she with that soft pink color in her cheeks. I knew then that he had told her of nothing but his love, and I knew too, by the intensity of my own relief, what had been my great fear in their absence—not that he should win my child from me, but should see in her any other motive for accepting him beyond her answering love. In all my selfishness I loved her far too well for that.

Almost as surely as if I had heard him speak, I knew what the young Squire had asked my child out in the gloaming, and with a smile of ready sympathy, if not of real gladness, I met the lovely eyes as she came towards me, laughing that the lamplight dazzled her.

I did not hasten her from the Hall. I let them tempt her to stay on and on, later and later, because I knew that when we had said good night she would have only me. Not of course that Ernest Fortescue would ever be likely again to leave her long alone with me. And that would be well, for what a difference it would be for her—I in my hundrum quietness, he in his fervor of love and hope and happiness, hanging on every word she said, prizing every smile, able to show her in every tone and glance how much he loved her, willing already that every guest within his house should read this honest love of his as plainly as I read it.

"John, are we ever going home again?"

My darling had come up to me as I stood apart, trying to talk and laugh as I had done before her return; and she asked the question demurely, guessing nothing of course of how I stayed for her sake, at the Squire's so earnest request. Even now he followed her, pleading that it was very early yet, but naturally I took my child's hint.

"I was just intending to start alone," I answered her. "For hours I have been trying in vain to make you understand that it was time to leave."

"For hours, John," she answered gravely, "I have been trying in vain to signal you homewards. How fond you are of dissipation and late hours!"

"Let me drive you Mr. Fearne," urged the young Squire, when he found we were quite determined to leave.

"If May wishes it," I said—"if she is tired." And I tried to speak as if it did not signify to me in the slightest.

"I would rather walk," May answered gently. "There is moonlight for us. Please let us walk."

And I think she knew that this was what I should like best—though I had tried to prevent her thinking so—for she smiled, in that grave, quiet way of hers, which always seemed to tell me that she understand me. And indeed what wonder that my darling, with that clear gaze of hers, should see through all my clumsy subterfuges?

Then we said good night to our host and hostess, and to the lingering guests, and May slipped her hand within my arm—as even yet it was so natural for her to do—and we started together out into the peaceful beauty of the night. And the October moon was at its full.

I had a strange, sad longing to be left in silence through that walk—a feeling most unusual with me when my child and I were together. I longed to-night only to feel her beside me, her hands locked round my arm in the old childish way, and her pure, grave face so near in the silence.

I knew what she had to tell me, and I was covetous of this sweet restful silence, while I tried to prepare myself for what this walk—ay, and all other walks—would be to me when I might never again hear her sweet voice, or feel her clinging touch, or even have her silent presence near him.

I tried—ah, how I tried!—to fancy what going home would mean to me when I was once more utterly alone, as I was before Heaven sent my pet to me. Then I tried to feel grateful that she would even then live near me, and would be so happy. But even in this sweet, calm hour, my selfishness held stronger sway, and in my jealousy and my rebellion I grudged my darling to the man who loved her with such a different feeling. What right had he to feel it such a natural thing that he should win her from me? What right had he to ask the gift from me, as if my life were worth no thought of others? It would be less cruel to stab me to the heart to-night than to come presently to take my treasure from me, after these dear, happy years through which she had grown so closely into my heart that to tear her from it would be worse than death.

Such bitter, selfish thoughts these were to hold on such a sweet and peaceful night that I paused a moment in my walk, while I shook them from me, with a longing, strong as prayer, that I should prove Miss Fortescue's words true, and have indeed nothing more earnestly at heart than the welfare of my adopted child.

"John," May questioned, but with no glance of surprise at that momentary pause of mine, "you are not vexed at our not talking, are you? The silence of the night is so very, very beautiful."

All the covetous anger died from my face, when presently her eyes were lifted slowly to read my answer. All the bitter selfishness melted from my heart as her clasp tightened on my arm. All the old bad feelings died at my darling's gentle words.

So, in silence still, but for me a different silence now, we walked on, until at last we reached that of the hill orchard where we always turned to give a last long look at the Hall. And, while we stood there, I broke this long sweet silence, just softly touching the linked fingers on my arm, and speaking words that were far harder to utter than she could ever guess, but words I hoped would help her, knowing what she had to tell me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

RAILROAD.—There is said to be only one settlement in Massachusetts located more than a dozen miles from a railroad. Cummington is 12 miles from the nearest line, but is only a little farther away from three other railroads, being near the centre of a square formed by four roads.

THE LATEST CYCLE.—A unicycle has been invented which runs by its own momentum after it has been set going by the usual pedalling method. A forward inclination of the rider's body keeps the wheel revolving, a backward inclination stops it, and in turning a corner the rider leans as he wants the machine to go. The wheel has no steering gear, is six feet in diameter, and weighs 185 pounds.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT.—The Burmese "Lord White Elephant" and the King of Burmah share all the white umbrellas in that country between them. The king of men has nine, the king of elephants has two, but he has also four golden ones. Not even the heir-apparent, when there is one, has a right to use the white umbrella. He has only eight golden ones. The use of even an ordinary white-covered umbrella would be regarded as a declaration of rebellion on his part, and would lead to his immediate execution.

WHERE THE OCEAN IS DEEPEST.—A little more than thirty miles from the coast of Japan the Pacific Ocean has been found to be more than 4,643 fathoms deep. Some officers who were surveying for a telegraph cable found their wire broke at this depth without reaching the bottom. This is said to be the deepest sounding ever made and is so deep that the two highest mountains in Japan placed one over the other, in this abyss would leave the summit of the upper one two thirds of a mile below the surface of the water.

THE TOMBSTONE.—They have queer stonecutters down in Maine. Deacon Hackett lost his second wife lately, a scrawny and shrewish woman, whose loss was not an unmixed sorrow. Still, the deacon dutifully decided to give her a monument. Being rather "near," he haggled with the village stonecutter as to the size of the slab, and finally chose a very narrow one, at a bargain. The inscription was to be as follows: "Sarah Hackett. Lord, she was thine!" But the stone was so narrow there was no room for the last letter, so the stonecutter left it out, with this result: "Sarah Hackett. Lord, she was thin!"

VALENTINE.—Saint Valentine was a Christian martyr. He was put in chains by Claudius II. for having assisted the martyrs during that Emperor's persecution of the Christians. He suffered on the Flaminian Way on February 14 A. D. 270. The custom of sending love letters on February 14th is of remote antiquity, and has been traced to a Pagan origin. It is supposed that in early times the Christian pastors attempted to give to this ceremony a religious character by using the names of certain saints, and by fixing the feast on St. Valentine's Day.

THE OLDEST BANK-NOTE.—This is the "flying money" or "convenient money"—first issued in China, 2,697 B. C. The early Chinese notes were in all essentials similar to the modern bank-notes, bearing the name of the bank, the date of the issue, the number of the note, the signature of the official issuing it, indications of its value in figures, in words, and in pictorial representations of coins or heaps of coin equal in amount to its full value, and a notice of the pains and penalties for counterfeiting. Over and above all was a laconic exhortation to industry and thrift: "Produce all you can; spend with economy." The notes were printed in blue ink on paper made from the fibre of the mulberry tree.

THE NEEDLE'S EYE.—The passage from the New Testament, "It is easier for a camel," etc., has perplexed many good men who have read it literally. In Oriental cities there are in the large gates small and very low apertures, called metaphorically "needles' eyes," just as we talk of windows on shipboard as "bulls' eyes." These entrances are too narrow for a camel to pass through in the ordinary manner, or even if loaded. When a loaded camel has to pass through one of these entrances, it kneels down, its load is removed, and then it shuffles through on its knees. "Yesterday," writes Lady Duff Gordon from Cairo, "I saw a camel go through the eye of a needle—that is, the low arched door of an enclosure. He must kneel and bow his head to creep through; and thus the rich man must humble himself."

UNGATHERED BLOSSOMS.

BY E. W.

Sadly they droop and die
While fresh buds crowd round them spring,
And the careless world do that go lightly by
Another fragrance bring.

Best to be borne away
In all their beauty's pride,
If but to be prized for a summer day
And lightly cast aside,

Than have their fairest hours
In solitude go by,
And see others sought in the sunny bow'rs
Where they are doomed to die.

Best to have never been
Than live and die unknown
And have life fade out but an empty dream
When youth and health have flown.

Best to be cherished well
For one brief happy day,
Than through long cold years in neglect to dwell,
And then to pass away.

LOVED AND LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENSKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

SHE started to turn from him, with a glance of cold contempt and defiance, but she could not remove her eyes from his mocking tones.

"Is it that young lady seated beside the countess?" he went on, bending a little lower and speaking in the soft, languid tones which he always used when he was going to inflict a wound on a man or woman. "She is very lovely, isn't she? They are saying already that she will be the beauty of the season, and she will. There is no fresh—so modest—so——"

She breathed hard, her lips quivering with her excitement and anxiety.

"Tell me her name!" she said, as if the question was forced from her.

"Do you not know it? You must be the only person in the room who is ignorant of it. Everyone is talking of her. Every one is watching her. You don't know her? And yet it was Sir Terence who introduced her and her guardian here. It is her first entrance into society. What a triumphant debut, isn't it? She is Miss Harwood."

"Miss Harwood!" echoed Felicia Damerel.

"Yes; the lady who bought, sold, seized Rainford Hall, the place that ought to have belonged to your future husband and to you, Miss Damerel."

She gazed from him to Nance, as if she could not credit her ears.

"It—is—false," she said; "she is not Miss Harwood. She is——"

He laid a finger on her arm—only a finger.

"Be quiet," he said in a low voice of command; "people will hear you. She is Miss Harwood. Ask Sir Terence, who is coming now. You mistake her for some one else. Be silent. Yes; it is very warm," he went on aloud for the benefit of Sir Terence, who, all smiles at Christine's success, was making his way towards them. "Very warm; but you really must stay and hear Madame Gomez and Lloyd in this new duet."

Felicia, who had risen as if she meant to leave the hall—she scarcely knew what she was doing—sank back, and concealed her face behind her fan, and Lord Stoyle languidly went to his seat, a few rows off.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IT WAS raining and blowing hard as Bernard left Grandison House, but he strode along the streets heedless of the storm, his hands thrust into his pockets, his head bent.

A wilder storm than that of the night was raging within his heart. He had seen, spoken with, Nance; and Nance was "Miss Harwood," the girl who had gained possession of Rainford Hall!

It seemed incredible to him, a fable too preposterous and far-fetched to be true, but indeed, this part of the case did not trouble him much. It was the meeting with Nance, her indignant denial of treachery and desertion, her scornful accusation against him of deserting her, that harrassed him.

His love for her, which had never died, but had only been stifled and kept down by his sense of honor and duty to Felicia, rose and throbbed through every vein of him.

She was more beautiful than ever; her eyes, her voice had still the power to move him as no other woman's had ever or could ever move him. And she was his wife—in all save the short marriage ceremony. She was his, his!

Alas; not his any longer, for was he not pledged to marry Felicia Damerel, who loved him—who, he knew, loved him?

Why had Nance left him? As he wandered about the deserted square, wet to the skin and buffeted by the wind, he kept asking himself the question.

Nance false, fickle, mercenary! It seemed impossible to him as he thought of the sweet face, the pure thoughtful eyes, as he remembered Nance herself. Her face rose before him in the mist of rain; her voice rang softly in his ears; his heart ached with love for her; a voice within him called aloud, "She is mine, she is mine!"

He forgot Felicia Damerel, forgot everything but Nance, until, having tired himself out, he turned homewards. Then, as he went slowly up to his room, he remembered and realized the situation. He had found Nance, but she was Nance Grey no longer. She was Miss Harwood, of Rainford Hall—the heiress, the society beauty of the coming season, and his no longer; and he was pledged to marry Felicia Damerel.

Sir Terence was sitting up for him.

"Great heaven, Bernard! where have you been?" he exclaimed, eyeing the wet figure and haggard face with consternation and alarm. "My dear Bernard, you are wet through! Where have you been? It's awfully risky; it's dangerous—dangerous!"

Bernard summoned Robson to help him pull off the saturated clothes, and came back to the room in dry ones and a dressing gown.

"I have been to the club," he said, drawing the chair to the fire and shivering a little. "How long have you been home? What time is it?" And he glanced confusedly at the clock on the mantlepiece.

"An hour, quite," said Sir Terence. "I was going to relx you some hot grog. But I insist!"

"It—it was a good concert," said Bernard absently, taking the glass of steaming grog, which he loathed. He longed to ask for news of Nance, but could not open the subject.

"Yes, yes. The people were loath to leave, and remained talking about it and Miss Harwood. Are you warm now? Let Robson make up the fire——"

"No, no; I am burning hot. Miss Harwood?"

"Yes! She had a great success—very great. I felt sure she would, and you must admit that I have had some experience—dear, dear, how many debutantes I have known! But not one—so far as I can remember—ever made so great a sensation, so really deep an impression, as Miss Harwood. You saw her? I wish you had remained, that I might have introduced her to you," he went on, as if Nance belonged to him, was his protege; "I am sure, quite sure, you would have liked her. She is irresistible; yes, that is the word—irresistible! One's heart goes out to her at once. By the way, speaking of that, it is evident that young St. John is hard hit——"

Bernard reached his pipe.

"I saw her," he said in a low voice.

"And don't you think her very beautiful?" asked Sir Terence eagerly.

Bernard nodded. He could not trust himself to speak.

"Of course, you are prejudiced against her," said Sir Terence, shaking his head. "It is only natural. I ought to be, too, I suppose; but—well, wait until you know her!"

"You took Felicia home?" said Bernard, after a pause.

"Yes" replied Sir Terence, "yes. She was surprised at your leaving so early—surprised and—er—a little hurt, I think."

Bernard made no comment, and Sir Terence, gleaning at him apprehensively, went on in a lower tone—

"Bernard, I—I—sometimes I fear that you are not happy."

"Who is happy?" retorted Bernard, cynically. "Find the man, show him to me; I should like to see him!"

"You ought to be that man," said Sir Terence. "Bernard, sometimes, of late, I have had a suspicion that—that, I don't like to think it, still less say it, my boy; but I have had a suspicion that your heart is not in this marriage."

Bernard puffed hard at his pipe.

"For heaven sake, say no more, sir," he said, hoarsely; "whether it be or not, does not matter. It is all settled; my word is pledged, my honor, our honor—say no more; no more can, must be said!"

Sir Terence sighed, and there was a minute or two of silence. Bernard said, in a dry, almost harsh voice—

"This Miss Harwood"—he paused and refit his pipe—"do you know anything of her past life, prior to her going to the Hall? You knew her father? You had seen her?"

"No," said Sir Terence, "she did not live with him. Her mother and he had separated and lived apart. She was brought up with her mother or her uncle; the latter, I think. I fancy the lawyers told me that Stephen Harwood only received and acknowledged his daughter just before his death."

"What was her mother's name?" Bernard asked, staring at the fire

Sir Terence thought for awhile.

"It was the name of a color," he said, "but I forget which—black, gray; ah, yes, that was it—Grey."

Bernard was silent. He understood that Mr. Grey was the brother of Nance's mother. He saw now how it had come to pass that Nance had become Christine Harwood; but the greater, more momentous problem still remained: Why had she flown from Myrtle Cottage; why had she deserted him? Because of her sudden wealth? His heart, her reason, based upon his knowledge of her, rejected the solution. And yet what other was there? She had left the cottage before his engagement to Felicia; of that there could be no doubt.

Sir Terence touched him gently on the shoulder.

"Are you worried about anything to night, Bernie?" he asked. "Won't you go to bed?"

"Presently—when my pipe is finished," said Bernard wearily; "you go now."

Sir Terence left him, and Bernard got up and paced the room. Then he heard the street door bell. He knew that all the servants were in bed, and he threw up the window and looked down. St. John was standing on the steps. He went down and opened the door.

"Come upstairs," he said; and St. John followed him up.

"It is very late, Bernard," he said; "but—but I felt that I must see you. I have been walking about thinking, thinking, until I am almost mad."

"And quite wet through," said Bernard, coolly. "Take off your coat; come nearer the fire. I expected you—if not to-night, to-morrow."

"I could not wait until to-morrow," said St. John. He was pale, but two bright hectic spots burned in his cheeks, and there were dark marks under his eyes.

Bernard stirred the fire into a blaze.

"Come nearer," he said grimly. "Well, what is it?"

"It is—it is about Christine, Miss Harwood," said St. John, looking at him steadily. "I am in misery, Bernard. I must know, you must tell me, the meaning of the scene I saw!"

"Why must?" asked Bernard curtly.

"Because I love her!" he answered firmly, though gently, "and love gives me the right to demand an explanation. I love her, and I believe—yes, I believe that but for you, I should have won her for my wife."

"But, for me! Why do I stand in the way?" demanded Bernard in a low voice, but with his eyes fixed on St. John's.

It was like a duel; it was a duel, and he was on his guard. He had to protect Nance's secret at all costs.

"You are in the way, because you have met her before, because—Bernard, be frank, be honest with me! It is a matter of life and death with me! It means the happiness or misery of my life! You have met her before. You—you—and she—yes, I will tell you this, that she admitted that there had been some man who—whom she loved——"

Bernard's lips came close together, but he made no other sign.

"And that—that he had not been worthy of her, that he had—how shall I put it, so that it may not seem derogatory to her?—that he had jilted her! It is a hateful word, but I know no other."

"And she told you that?" said Bernard, breathing hard.

"Not in so many words, but it was the only conclusion I could draw."

"And you think it was I?"

St. John looked at him for a moment before answering, then he said sternly—

"I am sure that it was you. Deny it, oh, deny it if you can, Bernard! Remember our old friendship—remember that to me you have always been all that was noble and honorable—my model."

"And if I do not deny it?" said Bernard.

"Then"—St. John's face grew grave and sombre, and he panted—"then I tell you that you are a coward, and a scoundrel!"

Bernard's eyes flashed, and his brows darkened. He seemed incapable of speech for a time.

"A few years ago, St. John," he said slowly, "such words as those would have been paid for at the sword's point. We don't fight duels nowadays; did you forget that when you insulted me?"

"No," said St. John, "I forget nothing. I am ready to go with you where we can fight; I am ready to answer for my words anywhere and in any way."

Bernard gripped him by both shoulders, and looked down at him with a gaze half fierce, half sad.

"By heaven!" he breathed, "you are worthy of her! Yes, you are worthy of her!"

St. John's eyes flashed, and he shook his head.

"No, no one is worthy of her," he said in a low voice. "Bernard, I am sorry I called you what I did. I did not come here to night to do so; I came to beg you to—to—to go back to her. I knew—my love has made me keen to read her mind—and I saw, that moment I came upon you in the arbor, that she—she still loved you!"

Bernard withdrew his hands hastily, and fell to pacing the room.

"Go back to her, Bernard. You are neither a coward nor a scoundrel—God forgive me for calling you so! Act as your honor and your heart—for yes, you still love her, Bernard, I know it—act as your heart dictates, and make your peace with her! I plead for her, and for yourself, your higher, better self! Go to her, Bernard!"

Bernard was terribly moved. He stood with his back to St. John, that the lad might not see his face.

"And you—you love her?" he said in a low voice.

St. John was silent a moment.

"It is because I love her," he said simply. "I would lay down my life for her, to secure her happiness."

"You forget that—that I am pledged to another woman."

"No; I do not forget," said St. John; "but I do know that two wrongs do not make a right—that a marriage without love—and it is Christine, not Miss Damerel, whom you love——"

"Who told you so?" broke in Bernard hoarsely.

"I know it by your manner towards Christine; I know it by your face, your voice now; I know it by your manner when you are in Miss Damerel's presence. Bernard, if I am presumptuous, impertinent, forgive me, bear with me. Christine's happiness is the object of my life; I would risk the loss of even your friendship to secure it."

Bernard laid his hand on St. John's shoulder.

"Go away now, dear laddie," he said almost inaudibly; "you don't know all. You will never know. No, never! Your words cut me like a knife. I may have seemed to you a scoundrel and a coward, but—but I am not. There is a mystery connected with this story of my—my friendship with Nan—with Miss Harwood—which may never be unveiled. Let it remain as it is. You can do nothing—but fight me." He smiled grimly. "I leave you the right to do that yet, if you like. Go now."

St. John still hesitated and Bernard turned upon him almost fiercely.

"Man, man, can't you see that I am almost mad with grief and despair?" he exclaimed. "Do you think you are the only one who has a heart that can suffer? For heaven sake, leave me to myself!"

St. John, without another word, left him.

That night Nance lay awake trying to realize that all that had happened at Lady Grandison's had really occurred.

She had seen Cyril again, and he was Bernard Yorke, whom she had turned out of the Hall? It seemed almost too wonderful to be true; but what was still more wonderful was the fact that he should upbraid her with deserting him—he who had left her for another woman—Felicia Damerel!

As she lay with her flushed and burning face, tossing restlessly from side to side on the pillow, she felt that at all costs she must avoid another meeting with him. This one, the sight of his face, the sound of his voice, had tortured her. She could not run the risk of meeting him again and again. The sight of him not only awakened the old love, but awakened, also, the old shame.

To night, as Lady Dockitt had told her exultingly, and as she herself felt, she had made a great "success." She was to be famous, a "popular beauty"—one of the women whom other women envy and men

run after and worship. Suppose some one of the brilliant crowd which went to make up "Society" discovered the truth, told the story of that time at Myrtle Cottage—the story of her shame. There was not a woman, however bad she might be, who would not shrink from her, and point the finger of scorn at her!

"I must go away, a long way off. I must go abroad," she murmured feverishly; and as she told herself so, she felt that she must fly, not so much to drown the chance of discovery, but to escape from Cyril.

"I could not bear it, I could not bear it!" she moaned. "To meet him, to have to speak to him, and to remember that—that——"

She hid her eyes even from the darkness.

Felicia lay awake also that night. Fear held her, too, in thrall. Bernard and Nance Grey had met again, and she was no longer the friendless, helpless, unprotected lace-girl, but the mistress of Rainford Hall and half a million of money.

At any moment there might be an explanation between them, and—and——

She shuddered as she completed her sentence in her mind. She knew that Bernard did not love her; she felt that he still loved "Nance Grey." And there was Lord Stoyle—Lord Stoyle, who knew her secret; how much did he know? And he was her foe; she had felt the menace in his soft voice, his light gray eyes as they had rested mockingly on her face, while he pointed Nance Grey out to her.

There was only one hope for her. She must hurry on the marriage. Once married to Bernard, she could set this girl, Lord Stoyle, all the world, at defiance.

Yes, there was one other thing left for her. She could denounce "Miss Harwood," denounce her as Bernard's former mistress, so ruin her at a word.

"And I will do it!" she said to herself, as she paced her room in the gray dawn.

She longed, yet feared, to see Bernard, and she waited in all the morning. But he did not come.

By the afternoon the fever of dread, suspense, burnt in her veins like a fire.

As the clock struck five she heard a ring. Her heart leapt. It must be Bernard at last. Trembling, half with fear and half with longing, she posed herself upon a sofa, and took up a book. The door opened, and Lord Stoyle was announced.

She sprang to her feet, her face white, her eyes flashing, disappointment and hate and fear in her bosom.

"You!" she said.

Lord Stoyle bowed and smiled—a slow smile of conscious power.

"Yes, it is I," he said—drawled rather.

"Why—why have you come?" she demanded.

"Can you not guess?" he replied, still smiling. "Last time I had the pleasure of seeing you in this room you had your innings. Perhaps you thought the game was over? But it wasn't. It is my innings now, and I have come to take them, Felicia!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"I HAVE come for my innings," said Lord Stoyle, in the softest of voices, and with the smile for which, perhaps without knowing it, most people hated him.

Felicia Damerel mechanically motioned him to a chair and sat looking at him, her brows drawn straight, her lips tightly compressed. A vague fear was in her heart, but her handsome eyes regarded him steadily.

"I don't understand you," she said at last.

"No?" he retorted almost pleasantly. "The last time I had the pleasure of being here you won; you set me at defiance—in fact, you gave me my conge as unceremoniously as the victor gives the death-blow to the vanquished. But I'm not the man to die easily. I'm one of the fellows who wait, and win in the end."

"Still I don't understand you," she repeated coldly, and keeping her eyes upon him; "you talk like the hero or villain in a melodrama. It would be interesting and amusing, if I happened to be in the humor to be interested and amused; but I am not."

"You will be presently," he said, with a smile, "Felicia——"

Her eyes flashed upon him.

"Be good enough to leave my Christian name alone, Lord Stoyle. It is not the first time you have offended in that way."

"Pardon! It shall be 'Miss Damerel' for the present. Last time I was here you were good enough to refer to the bargain we made between us, and acted, I think unfairly, as I thought, and think still. I have come to remind you that a contract once made must be carried out, unless it should be cancelled by mutual consent. You promised to be my wife, Miss Damerel."

She forced a laugh.

"Promise! Perhaps; but the promise was obtained on false pretences. Whatever I may have said—promised—it has been withdrawn long ago. You must be aware that I am going to marry Mr. Bernard Yorke, Lord Stoyle."

"Were, not are," he said blandly. "You are going to marry me, Felicia."

She half rose, then sank back, and looked at him with defiance and scorn in her magnificent eyes.

"I would rather die," she said, with suppressed fierceness. "But I cannot take you seriously; perhaps you do not wish me to, Lord Stoyle; this is a little comedy played for your own amusement."

"Comedy or tragedy," he said politely, "which you please. It rests with you. I am afraid I am tiring you," for she leant still farther back and half closed her eyes with weary contempt. "You have not recovered from the shock of last night. It must have been a pretty considerable surprise to find Nance Grey in Miss Christine Harwood, of Rainford Hall."

Her face flushed, then went pale. She took up a screen and held it, presumably to shade her face from the fire, but really to conceal it from his cold, keen gaze.

"I knew of the transformation, the change that had come over Miss Grey's circumstances some time ago."

"You knew it!" she said inadvertently.

He inclined his head.

"Yes, I am an idle man, as you know, and, as you don't know, perhaps, don't like to be beaten. The day you sent me away as if—as if I were a dog you had grown tired of, I made up my mind to see the game out; you see, I didn't own myself beaten. I discovered what had become of Miss Grey, by a kind of fluke. I was shooting down at my brother's place near Rainborough, and happening to go to church—my brother's wife goes in for that sort of thing, and marches us all off to kirk every Sunday morning—I chanced to see Miss Grey there. You can't mistake her identity. I don't suppose there is another woman in England with such hair and eyes, I knew her at once, and on making inquiries learned that she was Miss Harwood. Curious how these things come about, isn't it?"

The screen moved slightly. He waited a moment while he wiped his lips with his delicately-scented handkerchief.

"I wanted to know how she had happened to change her name and blossom into a rich heiress and mistress of the Yorkes' old house, so I harked back to Long Ditton."

The screen was lowered for a moment, and the dark eyes sought his face. It was bland, serene, languid, as usual; but there was a glint of anticipatory triumph in the cold grey eyes.

"I had an interview with Mrs. Johnson, the landlady of Myrtle Cottage; a very sensible person, Mrs. Johnson, and quite intelligent if you let her have her time and don't flurry her. She was always flurried when Yorke went down to make inquiries, and so didn't do herself justice. I let her have her head, let her talk of her daughter out at service, of the new curate of the scandalously high price of provisions, especially bacon, and at last I got her to tell me of a certain visit a certain lady made to Miss Grey—or Mrs. Bernard, as Mrs. Johnson called her—just before Miss Grey disappeared."

The screen was dropped. Felicia rose, then sank down again.

"What has all this to do with me?" she demanded contemptuously; but he detected the undertone of dread in her voice, and smiled.

"You shall see. I got Mrs. Johnson to describe the lady, and, upon my word, she did it very well. The description was so accurate that no one could fail to recognize Miss Felicia Damerel. You see—forgive me—you are a very handsome woman with plenty of characteristics of your own, and Mrs. Johnson had spotted them very well. I knew it was you just as certainly as I know the young lady I saw in Rainborough church was Miss Grey."

"If—if—supposing your surmise to be right," she said, still scornfully, "what has this to do with me?"

"Listen a little longer," he said, with a smile. "I learnt from Mrs. Johnson—what she had forgotten, I suppose, at any rate, she never told Bernard Yorke—that the visitor had stayed to tea, and that after she left Mrs. Bernard, as she called her, left the cottage and disappeared. Soon after she returned agitated and upset. Soon after she left the cottage and disappeared. Now, it is as plain as a pikestaff that the visitor—in other words, Miss Damerel—must have said something, must have put some pressure upon Miss Grey to induce the poor girl to fly the place, to desert Bernard Yorke, her supposed husband."

Felicia Damerel rose and walked to the other side of the room. A cabinet of curios stood against the wall; absently, mechanically as if she did not know what she was doing, she took up one or two of the trifles, looked at them, and set them down again; she wanted to keep her face hidden from the keen eyes.

"Now, all this wouldn't have concerned me at all if Bernard Yorke had ceased to care for the woman he had treated as his wife. If he left her, deserted her, for you of his own free choice and will, all this wouldn't have mattered. But"—he paused, and looked at his lavender gloved hands, then raised his eyes to her face, or rather, the back of her head—"but I happened to know that Bernard Yorke did not leave her of his own free will; that he loves her still, and would give five years of his life to go back to her."

"It is false!" broke from her pale lips. "It is false! You are a liar!"

He smiled at her.

"Not at all," he drawled. "It is quite true. Pray be calm. I did not fly into a rage when you scored off me last time. Try and follow my example. I tell you this is my innings, and I mean to play them out. Last night, in the interval, I went into the winter garden for a cigarette. I went alone—you see, you wouldn't have come with me if I had asked you, and I don't care for other women's society; I strolled about for a minute or two, and then sat down in one of the funny little arbor places, to be quiet and—think of you——"

"Coward!" she panted. "Every word of that kind from your lips is an insult!"

"I thought I was alone, but presently I heard voices close behind me, and recognized those of Lord Lisle and Miss Harwood; we'd better call her by her right name. He is very much in love with her, is poor young St. John, just as a heap of other fellows will be before the season is over. You can always tell when a man is hard hit by his voice. After a while he went off to fetch her an ice, or something, and I was on the point of clearing out and returning to the concert-room when I heard another voice—a man's voice. It was Bernard Yorke's."

She started, and her hand went to her bosom and clutched the lace there, but she said nothing.

"He had not seen her in the concert-room, had not, I take it, judging by his tone and words, set eyes on her since the turtle dove period at Myrtle Cottage; and she had not seen him. They were both surprised, and"—his voice drawled slowly—"considerably upset. They fell to charging each other. He accused her of deserting him, and she charged him with leaving her. It was quite evident that he did not know that their separation had been brought about by the visit of Miss Felicia Damerel to Myrtle Cottage; and it was evident that she did not know that he had been ill and unconscious for weeks. Do you see what I am driving at?"

She did not speak. The lace on her bosom rose and fell, her hands were clenched at her side. There two, Nance Grey and Bernard, had met and spoken together!

"You see, it only wanted a word or two—it only wanted some friend who knew of Miss Damerel's visit to utter a few words—and they would have come together again. Yes, I assure you, Felicia, that they are as much in love with each other as ever they were; perhaps more, for absence makes the heart grow fonder, doesn't it?"

Her eyes wandered round the room—at the exquisite decorations, the costly pictures; then fell on the floor at the litter of curiosities which she had overturned—the carved ivory chessmen, the Indian brass work, the inlaid revolver, the broken goblet of Venetian glass; but she saw none of these things. She saw only the mental portrait of Bernard and Nance Grey sitting and talking together.

"The mutual friend only was wanted, and there was I, the discreet friend, just behind them. I had only to step round and say, like the low comedian in the Adelphi play, who always creeps up at the last act and puts things straight, 'Permit me! I can explain everything. Miss Felicia Damerel, the lady to whom you are engaged, whom you were going to marry, has caused this mischief. It is she who separated you. She must have told Miss Grey that you had left her, and was going to marry her—the said Felicia,' and all would have been well. They would scarcely have waited until I had left them before they fell into each other's arms."

Felicia pressed her hand to her lips to keep back the cry of jealous fury which his word-picture had aroused.

Lord Stoyle watched her with a half smile, looked at his gloves admiringly, and then continued—

"Now you wonder why I didn't. It would have been such a nice little revenge for your treatment of me, wouldn't it? Yes, so it would," he said, thoughtfully. "Very nice. But"—his voice changed and grew, for the first time, grave and serious—"but it was not revenge only I wanted; I don't think I care about it at all. It is you I want, not revenge. I love you, Felicia. Yes, strange as it may seem after your treatment of me, I care for you still, and want you to be my wife."

She did not laugh with scorn; she was past laughing.

He looked at her gravely.

"You see, I'm one of those dogged kind of fellows who, having once set their hearts upon a thing, hang on, and want it all through to the end. I've set my heart upon you, and I've hung on, and mean to—to the end."

She fell to pacing the room; not hurriedly, but slowly, her hands still clenched at her sides, her head bent.

The movement was like that of a tigress in a cage, and in Lord Stoyle's eyes it seemed full of a fierce savage grace which he appreciated and admired much more than he would have done tears and entreaties.

"So I didn't play the low comedy merchant's part," he continued. "I waited until St. John had returned, and Yorke and Miss Grey had parted, and then I left. He—Yorke—left the house, as you know, half mad, as a man is when he is in love with a woman and thinks that he has lost her. I dare say he wandered about in the rain—like a fool. I've done the same in my time; and as you are dying to know why I didn't make those two happy, I'll tell you. I saw a better game before me. I saw that I held all the trump cards. I threw 'em down on the table, Felicia, for you to see for yourself. See here?" He made a gesture as of one throwing cards face downwards.

She did not turn her eyes, but she saw the action notwithstanding.

"For all I care, they may keep apart for ever. All I want is that you shall be my wife, Felicia, and not his. What do you say?"

She turned her head over her shoulder.

"If—if I said 'No'?" she said hoarsely.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Then I go to Miss Harwood and Bernard Yorke, and tell them of your visit to Myrtle Cottage. I explain the whole bag of tricks, and"—he smiled languidly—"I know, and you know, that he will marry her, and that you——"

He paused significantly.

"And I?" she demanded hoarsely.

"Will find yourself held up to ridicule before the civilized world. Every society paper will have the story of the way in which you caught Bernard Yorke. If I know you—and I think I know you, Felicia—you would not be able to hold up your head. You would have to leave London, England, and vegetate in a continental town, and even there they would know your story. You, you, who have queened it so long, don't you know, would be an outcast for the rest of your life. It is the sort of thing nobody ever forgets. Why should they? It's too good a story, isn't it? And I'd take care to keep 'em reminded of it."

She sank on to a settee, and clasped her hands between her knees, her head bent low.

He got up and seated himself beside her.

"But you won't say 'No!'" he said, in a low voice. "You are too sensible. Say 'Yes.' Promise to be my wife"—she shuddered, and thrust the hair from her forehead as if she were stifling—"go off with me quietly, and marry me without a word to anyone, and we will keep our own counsel——"

"Leave him to her!" she panted to herself, not to him.

"No," he said. "We can make it impossible for him to marry her. You and I—and we alone—know the story of her shame. A whisper, just a whisper, and she is ruined."

She listened with parted lips, through which the breath came and went in laborious gasps.

"Soon?" he urged, in a low voice. "In my case I can prevent your marrying him. The moment he knows of your visit—the moment he knows that you separated him from the woman he loves, he will cast you off."

[To be continued.]

AT PARTING.

BY E. F.

Will you forget me or remember, sweet,
Now all our golden summer days are over,
And, if in any after time we meet,
Will you not be my love nor I your lover?
It might have been; but, since it is not so,
You have but little reason to regret me;
Yet, just because I loved you, I would know,
Will you forget me?

"Good bye" is but a little thing to say,
And yet the word that careless lips have spoken
None knows how many thousand times to day,
None knows how many thousand hearts has broken.
Ah, sweet, I would my heart and lips lay dumb
Where never any thought of you could fret me
And ghosts of buried dreams could never come!
Will you forget me?

Once and For Ever.

BY A. J. W.

PEOPLE often wondered why I never married. It has been said again and again, "Dear me, I do so wonder why Miss Hamilton never married—with all her money, too; and she must have been very beautiful."

Yes, I was very beautiful, and, being an old woman now, can say so without being accused of vanity.

There is a little miniature lying beside me as I write—such a bright young face, with laughing blue eyes and sunny brown curls clustering over the white brow that then had never known a care or sorrow. Ah me, the blue eyes are dim now, and the pretty brown hair has been white for many a long year!

I was tall and erect too, for my dear mother used to say a pretty face was nothing without a good carriage; and, being an only child, my father and mother idolized me, while I returned their affection with the love of my whole heart. When I was seventeen I came out, was the belle of the county, and the prettiest girl for miles round; and, when the brave, handsome Harry Clive came to stay at my father's, he fell in love with me, and, after a short, happy wooing, asked me to be his wife and go out with him to a foreign land where he had to join his regiment. I had no fortune then, so it was quite a love-match; an old aunt died two years after and left me all her money, but before that I had nothing to give but my love, and that I gave freely and entirely.

It was a lovely summer eve, and we—Harry and I—were pacing up and down the long avenue, under the lime trees. The setting sun was shining and glinting through the green leaves, the birds were singing their last notes, and all was very fair and beautiful; and, when he stooped and whispered softly, "Darling, won't you be my little wife?" I looked up into the brave handsome face bending over me, with the earnest eyes looking so lovingly into mine, and murmured "Yes;" and then he kissed me, and I felt strangely happy, and that life for me would be always sunshine with Harry Clive beside me. Then, with crimson cheeks and beating heart, listening to the eloquent words and low passionate voice with which Harry told me how he loved me, I wondered in the midst of my new great happiness what he, who was so brave and noble, could see to like in me, who felt so unworthy of the love of this noble and true heart; but, when he drew my hand within his arm, and I looked up into the loving blue eyes, I felt I loved him with my whole heart once and for ever. Then my father joined us, and, hurrying to him, I hid my blushing face on his shoulder. I suppose he guessed the truth, for the dear voice trembled with emotion as he said—

"Take her, Harry—take her; and Heaven bless you both and make you happy!"

Oh, those were golden days, short and happy, for Harry was under orders to join his regiment, and the preparations for the wedding were very hurried. After one short month of love-making, we were to sail, man and wife, for a new country, to begin the battle of life side by side. But I felt no fears; loving him so much, and trusting him so entirely, there was no room for fear or doubt to creep in.

And so the happy days were on, and the day appointed for the wedding drew near. My dear mother would sit with the tears running down her face, seeing after every thing, and packing all my things with her own dear hands, weeping silently as she folded the various articles and laid them in the boxes.

It was the day before the wedding—the third of August—such a hot, lovely day, without a cloud to shadow the deep blue sky and still bluer sea, where the little waves were sparkling and dancing in the sunlight like countless diamonds, and the yachts, with their snowy sails, looked like sea birds dancing on the ocean.

After breakfast I took my hat and wandered away through the garden, across the lawn and down the zig-zag path cut through the rock down to the sea, and sat on the beach under the shade of a large boulder, watching the tiny waves kissing the pebbles at my feet. Fixing my eyes fondly on the blue expanse of boundless ocean, I thought of how soon I should be leaving this dear familiar home, with all its fond associations of happy childhood, to go far, far away across the sea to another country, and that perhaps I might never see the dear old place again; and my eyes roamed from object to object with a strange wistfulness, for might it not be the last time they would rest lovingly and lingeringly on the dear familiar scene? And then all grew dim and indistinct, for the hot tears rushed unbidden to my eyes, and, covering my face with my hands, I gave way to a fit of weeping.

Presently Sailor, our great Newfoundland dog, my friend and playmate from childhood, thrust his cold nose up into my face, and looked at me lovingly with his sad, wistful brown eyes. Oh, it was hard to part with all I loved; and not the least hard was it to part with my dumb favorite, who was devotedly attached to his young mistress; and, thinking that, in all human probability, I should never see the dear old dog again, I wound my arms round his neck, and my tears fell thick and fast on his shaggy head.

The greater part of that hot August day I spend wandering sadly about, restless and uneasy, paying last visits to all my favorite haunts, and trying to keep back the tears that were ever rising to my eyes. It made my heart ache to see my father's face as his eyes followed me about, and I thought of how lonely he would be when I was far away, with no young companion in his rides and walks, and no one to sing to him in the long winter evenings.

"Cheer up, dear," he said, kindly. "Your absence will not be for long, Pearl, my darling; and you will write often;" and I answered, sobbing, 'Oh, if I could only stay with you, papa!"

And then I stopped, for I knew that for the whole world I would not have it altered, and that my heart would break if aught should happen to part Harry and me.

He stroked my hair, saying, "Hush, pretty one! Don't cry—it will spoil your eyes; and my pet must look her best on her wedding-day."

It was evening—a lovely, golden summer evening—and Harry and I were taking our last walk together round the old place that was so dear to both of us, side by side, rather sad and silent. We walked for the last time up and down the avenue under the lime trees, and round the dear old-fashioned garden with its closely-clipped yew hedges and gay borders, while the perfume of the stocks and mignonette scented the warm evening air, and the red-breasted robin sat in the golden sunshine on the mossy garden wall, and trilled forth his sweet yet melancholy evening song. Then we paused and looked at the many-gabled old house half hidden by masses of ivy and roses, and the setting sun shining redly on the windows, making them gleam like gold.

Sadly and silently we again wandered on in the fading twilight. Harry plucked a red rose and fastened it in my hair, saying, with a smile—

"There, dear, perhaps that is the last rose my hand will ever pluck in this garden"

And I answered quickly, with tears in my voice—

"Oh no—we will walk here again when we come home, and it will not be very long till then."

He laughed.

"How you tremble, dear! Did you think I was speaking prophetically? Come, shall we go down to the beach and see the moon rise over the sea?"

That same red rose I have still in a little drawer that, even after all these years, I have seldom courage to open. It lies wrapped in silken paper with a few sacred relics of those happy days—the only letter he ever wrote me, with the ink faint and faded now, and one soft curl of golden hair. Oh, how often have I sat winding that link of gold around my finger, with eyes dim and heavy with weeping, gazing at all that was left me of him till my old sorrow rose up, and I seemed to undergo it all again, and in agony and wild abandonment of grief have fallen on my knees and prayed Heaven to be merciful and take me home!

Whenever I look at that poor withered rose, it carries me back to the past, and I am once more a happy girl walking in the fading evening with Harry Clive beside me, and so it is dearer to me than all the fair flowers that bloom in the glad summer sunshine.

We sat on the beach listening to the waves sobbing and sighing on the shore; the tide was in, and there was a cool pleasant breeze from the sea. We watched the silver moon rising silently and slowly out of the water, and sailing higher and higher in the heavens, where the little stars were twinkling faintly in the depths of azure blue.

"Is it not lovely?" whispered Harry, pointing to the path of shimmering light across the water.

Presently, far out, a boat shot suddenly out of the dimness, crossed the line of light, and then was lost to sight on the other side; but we could hear the measured beat of oars and the sound of merry voices. Harry spoke—

"It is pleasant here; but are you cold? Shall we go in?"

I answered "No," and again we relapsed into silence; and then I noticed that Harry was unlike his own bright joyous self, and seemed sad and preoccupied, and once or twice sighed deeply.

"What is it?" I whispered, nestling closer to his side.

He laughed, but the laugh was forced.

"What do you mean, dear?" he inquired, looking down at me; and I saw that he looked pale.

"There is something wrong," I said, speaking earnestly; "you are not like yourself. What is it, Harry?"

He seemed surprised at my earnestness, and tried to laugh at me for being so foolish; but after a time the merry ring died out of his voice, the smile faded on his lip, and he sat, looking pale and troubled, with his head resting on his hand. I grew frightened.

"Oh, Harry," I said, almost crying, "there is something, and you will not tell me!"

Putting his strong, protecting arm round me, he drew me yet closer to him.

"My darling, don't be foolish! There is nothing wrong, really; I would tell you if there were."

"You told me we were to have no secrets," I said, coaxingly; "and you are keeping one from me now, I know."

"Really, Pearl," he began, and then stopped. "Well," he went on, presently, "when I tell you this wonderful secret, you will only laugh at me. The truth is, dear, I had a dream last night, and it has haunted me all day; it seems as if it were indicative of coming evil." Then, seeing, I suppose, the growing fear in my face, he broke off abruptly, saying, "There, I am only frightening you! Come, dear, we had better go in; the moonlight makes one think of all kinds of horrors."

"A dream!" I repeated. "What was the dream? Do tell me. Oh, Harry, I shall be miserable till I know!"

"Nonsense, love; you are too easily frightened."

But his own face looked strangely pale and troubled in the moonlight, as he said, half to himself—

"I must really be growing superstitious, that dream has taken such possession of me. Pearl," he asked, suddenly, "if I were to die, what would you do?"

I answered, steadily, looking up into his eyes—

"I would ask Heaven to take me too, for—oh, Harry!—I could not live without you." And then, frightened and nervous at his strange manner, I burst into tears.

"Darling, I have alarmed you. Don't! Look up, my love! Such a pale, frightened Pearl I never saw."

"But the dream," I urged—"what was it?"

"Well," he said, "if you must know, you must; but remember, dear, dreams have no meaning—none whatever; at least, I hope not," he added, and then went on rapidly—"I dreamt that I was walking along a road with tall trees on either side, and that I met a funeral; first came the hearse, with its black plumes waving and nodding, and then a long file of mourning coaches, and, in spite of myself, I seemed obliged to follow the procession to the churchyard, and up to the open grave. I strove to see the faces of the assembled mourners, but I could not, for they were all hidden or turned away. The coffin was laid beside the grave; some one, with his arm raised to hide his face, advanced and raised the lid, and there, lying cold and rigid, I saw—myself. There, that was all, and I was very glad to awake and find that it was all an ugly dream. Come, dear—don't think of it any more. We must really go in now."

"Oh, Harry," I said, in an awe-struck voice, "if—if—it should mean anything!" And then I stopped, for it was very foolish to feel so frightened by what was, after all, only a dream.

"Nonsense," he said; "laugh it off. We must have no half-fears of the supernatural to mar our wedding-day. To-morrow, love, you will be mine; and then nothing but death can separate us."

As he spoke I shuddered, and he tried to cheer me, talking gaily and sketching happy plans for our future, till I felt able to laugh at my own fears, and look forward to the long vista of happy golden years before us.

I walked with him up the avenue to the entrance gates, and there stopped and said "Good night."

"Good night, my own darling," he responded, with strange earnestness, "and Heaven bless you;" and, clasping me to his heart, he kissed me lovingly and passionately, and turned to go; but I called him back, and then, fearing he would laugh at me, said nothing.

"What is it, my Pearl?" inquired the dear kind voice.

"Nothing," I said—"only you won't think any more of the dream, will you?"

"Make yourself easy," was the gay reply; "rest assured I shall think of nothing more terrible than your own sweet self."

One last embrace, one lingering pressure of the hand, and he was gone, and I returned slowly to the house, with Sailor pacing beside me. A soft wind had risen, and was gently sighing and rustling in the topmost branches of the trees, and, still feeling sad and uneasy, I scarcely knew why, when I had reached the house, I retired to my own little room, where I sat long and sadly watching the moon shining in the clear sky.

Surely never sun rose so bright and glorious as on my wedding-day. I was awakened early by the birds carolling forth their sweet morning song. No one in the house appeared to be stirring; and, rising softly, I dressed and went downstairs, unlocked and unbarred the hall door, and went out into the garden, unable to resist the longing for a last look at the old place.

All was deliciously fresh and lovely; a soft rain had fallen during the night, and the flowers were bowed down with a weight of glittering dew-drops. Passing from flower to flower, I soon gathered a large and fragrant bouquet, wet and heavy with the night's moisure, and, burying my face in its sweet freshness, I thought of how, when in a foreign land, I should look back with fond regret on the last flowers picked in my old home.

Oh, that lovely autumn morning—how often have I thought of it since, that day that rose so fair and promising, and ended in such grief and sorrow!

A few hours later I was standing dressed as a bride, with my dear mother's loving hands putting the last finishing touches to my toilet; and then the pretty, bright-eyed bridesmaids came flocking in, like gay butterflies, to assist in decking the bride, and I stood in their midst, blushing and smiling at the many compliments paid me by my gay companions.

Oh, dear, where are those six merry girls now? Some, married, are now in happy homes, surrounded by their children and grandchildren, and some have gone before to the far-off land—the happy land where there is neither death nor parting.

It will not be very long now till I too shall go, and this weary heart, that has been so lonely and desolate all these years, shall be at rest.

Then my father came in, and, after looking admiringly at me, he turned to my mother, saying, "Our Pearl looks just as you did, my dear, on your wedding-day."

Then the carriages came round, and we drove to the church, I sitting trembling and silent by my father, for my heart was very full, and I could not trust myself to speak for fear of breaking down altogether.

It was a short drive through the prettiest of rural country roads; and soon we reached the picturesque little ivy-covered church, which was crowded with spectators to see the wedding, the villagers and schoolchildren flocking outside to catch a glimpse of the bridal party. There was a little fuss and confusion, for the

bridegroom was not come, and we all stood clustered in the porch, waiting.

"Something must have detained him," said my father, looking at his watch. "It's not usual for the bride to wait for the bridegroom. However, here he is," as a carriage dashed up to the door.

But no—it was only another party of lookers-on.

Some of the people ran down the church avenue, and stood looking up and down the road. But ten, fifteen, twenty minutes dragged slowly on, and no bridegroom made his appearance; and the white haired rector and youthful curate stood waiting inside the communion rails, looking anxious and unessy.

Another ten minutes elapsed, but still no Harry Clive appeared. My heart was beating with a vague feeling of apprehension. Would he never come?

"Papa," I whispered, "something must have happened to him. Perhaps he is ill."

"Nonsense, child," he returned; "he has mistaken the hour, or his watch is slow. But then the Squire—he would be in time. I can't understand it. Tom"—to a boy who was standing near—"run up the road, and see if Mr. Clive is coming."

Wonder and anxiety were now very plainly depicted on all faces. The bridesmaids looked pale and frightened, and the people had broken up into little groups, and were whispering to each other. At last we heard the sound of wheels, and a minute afterwards a carriage was driven furiously up to the door, and a gentleman, whom I immediately recognized as Mr. Burton, Harry's best man, sprang out with a white, scared face, and, pushing through the crowd, made straight for my father.

Taking him by the arm, he drew him away to a little distance, and commenced whispering to him in a quick, agitated voice. I heard the words "accident," "fatal," and "For Heaven's sake come at once, quick! Break it to your daughter, and come."

"My poor child," said my father, coming back, and trying to speak calmly, "there has been a slight accident, and Harry is hurt. Be brave, dear, and keep up."

The pallor of his face contradicted his would-be assuring words, and I saw that they did not convey the whole truth. As he spoke I felt the blood retreating from my face, and I turned giddy with fear. He thought I was going to faint, and put his arm around me.

"Papa," I said, "I will go to him. Take me with you."

He wavered.

"No, dear, you had better not go. Let me go, and perhaps I will come back for you. Darling, go home to your mother."

"No," I said, firmly; "papa, I have a right to be with him."

"Let her come," said Mr. Burton, in a whisper. "Poor Clive will be wanting to see her before——"

He stopped, but my own heart filled up the significant blank, and the bitter truth seemed suddenly un veiled.

The news had spread rapidly, and horror and consternation seemed to have fallen on all. The poor bridesmaids were standing together with white faces and tearful eyes. But all seemed struck dumb by the suddenness of the catastrophe, and fell back with mute looks of pity as I passed through them with my father half supporting me. As yet I did not understand what happened—I only knew that Harry was hurt, perhaps dying; and yet, as I sat in the carriage with my hands tightly locked together, no tears came to my eyes, no words to my lips. But my thoughts were very busy, and I saw my life, as it were, stretched out before me without him, all darkness and misery. I had no hope; from the moment I saw Mr. Burton's horror-stricken face I knew that there was no hope, and poor Harry's strange dream that had haunted him so flashed into my mind. It had a meaning then—a strange and awful meaning—all comprised in the one short and terrible word—death!

Mr. Burton sat opposite me, with a world of pity in his face; and when at last I forced my dry lips to move and asked huskily, "How was it? What happened?" his voice faltered so that he could hardly speak.

"We were rather late," he said, "and were driving very fast—poor Clive held the reins—when the horse shied, ran up the bank, and——" He paused.

"Go on," I begged.

"We were both thrown out, and he was hurt. They carried him from the road into a field, and I came on in the doctor's carriage—fortunately he was passing."

I covered my face with my hands, and the tears came at last. To think that he, my bright, brave hero, should be dying! Oh, Heaven, what had I done to have such a trial sent me? Bitter, rebellious feelings rose tumultuously within me, and my father's tender words of comfort and consolation fell on deadened ears.

At last we reached the spot; a crowd of people were assembled near it; with exclamations of pity they made way for us to pass through them. The horse and broken vehicle were there, with a crowd of men and boys round the animal, which still looked wild and frightened. All this I saw with a sad interest, not taking special note of it at the time; but afterwards it all came back to me, even to the minutest details.

They had carried Harry into a field, and laid him on the grass beneath a tree, and the doctor was bending over him as he lay mute and helpless. Oh, the unutterable agony of that moment, as I went forward and saw my love, him whom I loved better than my own life, lying insensible, with his fair hair red with the blood that still trickled from the cruel wound in his temple!

I sat down beside him, and the doctor gently raised him, and laid him in my arms, with his poor head resting heavy and helpless on my shoulder. His eyes were closed, and his face was white to the very lips.

His uncle—the old Squire—was bending over him, sobbing like a woman, and, with the tears streaming down his face, kept saying, "Oh, doctor, save him, my bright, handsome boy! For Heaven's sake, doctor, do something! Can you think of nothing, suggest nothing? Must he die without a finger being raised to help him?"

The doctor shook his head, and answered, sadly, "Beyond a certain point, Squire, human aid is as nothing. All rests with a higher Power than mine. Life and death are alike in His hands."

There was something very touching in the grief of the old Squire. He had no children of his own, and Harry had been as a son to him. Numbed and stupefied with my great sorrow, I sat there with my arms round Harry, and the loved head resting on my shoulder. At last the closed eyes opened wearily, and he looked round him in wonder.

"Where am I?" he asked, faintly; and then, meeting my eyes, he smiled a sweet, sad smile, and the lids drooped over the heavy eyes again.

"He's coming round," said the Squire, delightedly. "Of course he'll recover. See, his eyes are open again now;" and, stooping low, he whispered, "Keep up, Harry—the carriage is coming, and we will drive you home quiet and easy. You can bear to be moved now, my boy, can't you?"

"No, uncle," he replied, in a low, weak voice. "Let me stay here with Pearl. I feel—I know—I am dying."

My heart gave one convulsive bound, and then stood still. The blow had fallen, the faint, flickering hope died within me, and I felt as if my heart was breaking.

"Don't say that, Harry," wailed the Squire. "It's not so bad as that—oh, say it's not so bad as that!"

"I wish I could, uncle—oh, how I wish I could! It is very hard to leave all that I love;" and the loving eyes looked up at me with a sad, yearning expression.

"My poor, poor boy!" mourned the squire. "Ay, it's hard to be taken, and it's hard to have to let you go. But heaven's will be done," he added, reverently, turning away to hide his emotion; and then he came back, and said, huskily, pressing Harry's hand, "There, I will leave you together. You will like to say good-bye alone."

And so they all went away, and we two were left alone for the last time together; and the bright sunshine danced and gleamed as brightly as though there were no sorrow in the world, and seemed to mock our grief. For a little while we were silent, wrapped in thoughts too deep and solemn for words, and then Harry spoke—

"You must not grieve too much for me, dear Pearl. For my sake promise me you won't."

I was weeping so bitterly that I could not speak, and he continued—

"It will soon be all over now; don't cry so, my darling."

"Oh, Harry," I sobbed, "I cannot let you go!"

His own eyes were full of tears, but he struggled to speak steadily, and went on, in a low, sad voice—

"But for thinking of you, love, I should be glad to go; and yet life was very pleasant—too pleasant perhaps—too happy. Ah, and I thought nothing could come between me and my happiness. But the dream—do you remember it, dear? It must have been a warning."

His voice was getting very low and weak, and, seeing his lips move as if in prayer, I sent up one wild petition for strength to bear this trial—this awful parting between two souls, when one enters the dark valley and the other is left behind. The murmuring voice ceased, and for a while he lay so white and silent that I thought all was over. Suddenly he spoke again—

"Raise me; I cannot breathe! There is a weight here—on my heart! Is it death? Speak, love—are you there?"

For answer I wound my arms yet closer round him, and pressed my lips to his brow.

Death was very near him now, his robes were already enfolding him, and I clasped him yet more tightly to my aching heart, as though thus to baffle the fearful and invisible messenger who comes for all, the young and old, the faithful and the careless, the happy and the miserable.

Raising his hand, Harry pointed upwards.

"I am going thither, love, and shall ever be watching for you near the golden gate."

A change came over his face, his eyes suddenly grew dim.

"Kiss me," he murmured—"kiss me, darling, before I die!"

Then his head fell back on my shoulder. It was all over now—my love was dead; and in vain my blinding tears fell thick and fast. Pressing hot kisses on his cold brow, I entreated him to speak once more—oh, only once more! But no; the blue eyes were closed for ever, and never again should I hear the dear voice speaking words of love and tenderness—no, never more.

Then they came and took him from me, and, rising, I tottered towards my father, and fainted as he caught me in his arms. A long illness followed, and, oh, how I longed to die and join Harry; but it was willed otherwise, and I recovered slowly. With returning health came the sense of all I had lost, and life to me seemed a burden too great to be borne, for it was linked with a bitter sorrow.

But time softens all things; the deepest grief will grow less bitter under his gentle healing; and at last I began to gather myself together, as it were—to gather strength and courage to begin life afresh, to go through the routine of daily life without him, when all I saw around reminded me daily, hourly of my loss. It was a hard struggle, but I conquered, and none knew, I think, but myself what it cost me.

Often and often in the long dark hours of the night I have given way to my sorrow, and have felt it would be easier and better to give up all at once, and let grief have its own way—better to let life drift on as it would than to try to live down my sorrow at so great a sacrifice as would be demanded of me. But heaven helped me and showed me how wrong it was to sit down faint-hearted and weary in the great battle of life—that rather, purified by suffering, we should struggle on to the end.

Mine has been a lonely, wearisome life, and yet it has held a sad kind of happiness; and the past, like the fragrance of faded and dried flowers, comes over me as I sit alone in the firelight thinking of my joy of days gone by.

Can you wonder that I never married, that I remained true to my first and only love, and that life for me lost all joy and sunshine when I laid my heart in the grave of Harry Clive so many years ago?

A QUEER STONE.—Did you ever see a geode, the ugly creamy-yellow, rounded rock, which, upon being broken open, presents a perfect wilderness of diamond-like crystals? They are oddities of the oddest kind, and are not too plentiful anywhere. The word "geode" means "earth form," and is applied to all hollow stones which are filled with crystallized matter. When broken open some are found to be filled with pure-looking clear water. Others appear to be full of yellow or brown paint, while a third class are filled with what appears to be a fair quality of tar. No odds what the filling of the cavity may be composed of, the sides are always studded with crystals. Should the filling be yellow, the crystals are likely to be of the same color, but by far the greater portion of them are as clear as ice or diamonds.

Scientific and Useful.

ARTIFICIAL IVORY.—An artificial ivory is now being made out of coagulated milk, mixed with borax, and submitted to very great pressure that renders it absolutely solid and durable. It is said to make a good imitation, and is naturally expected to excel the real article—in point of cheapness.

UNDER THE SEA.—The progress of photography under the sea, by means of the newly devised magnesium light—a marvel of ingenuity—may justly be described as something wonderful, though the timing of the exposures is said to still present one of the most serious difficulties yet to be overcome.

BICYCLES.—A new "warner," which has been patented consists of a whistle which may be readily attached to a safety bicycle, the whole device comprising an air pump to be actuated by the rotary motion of the front wheel, to afford a copious supply of air, and, on the movement of a lever, to blow a loud blast on a whistle connected to the pump.

STOPPERS.—A new form of stoppers for chemical bottles has been introduced lately. The top of the bottle is ground flat, and the stopper is really a flat lid, with a glass pin passing into the neck of the bottle to keep it from falling off. The external appearance of the new stoppered bottle is thus nearly the same as usual, but the stopper is replaced by a much smaller body with straight sides. It is claimed that this form of stopper will not stick, and is quite air-tight.

FLAT-IRONS.—A useful domestic novelty has been lately introduced in the shape of patent asbestos stand for flat irons. It is made of wood, and, therefore, very light, and has a thick pad of asbestos on which to place the iron. This asbestos acts as a jacket to the iron, and, whilst preserving the face of the iron clean and smooth, keeps in the heat. The labor of ironing is thus, it is claimed, greatly reduced, as the iron will remain hot for a much longer period than on the ordinary stand. In appearance the new stand is not ungainly, and it will probably find favor with those who give it a trial.

Farm and Garden.

ROSES.—Rose bushes should be worked with the hoe, simply stirring the top soil, keeping them free from grass and weeds, and applying plenty of manure around them.

HORSES.—Recent statistics show, especially in European countries, that the number of horses used in cities and towns increases every year in a more rapid proportion than the population of the same, and is owning, no doubt, to the greater number of public conveyances and the traffic steam and electricity bring.

GARDENS.—The subsequent cultivation of a good garden crop is not more expensive than of a poor one, but the good one can only be had from the most thorough and painstaking initial work. The cost of cultivation is out of proportion to the crop obtained, unless by intense cultivation the crop is doubled.

GRAIN AND GRASS.—Good farmers whose interests lie in grain and grass are rapidly learning that the most profitable place for their manure for grain crops is upon a sod of the previous year, so that the chemistry of the soil can better prepare it for the grain crop, while the immediately available parts feed at once the grass.

THE RAILWAYS.—Just as the railways have increased the use for good horses, so will electricity increase the demand. Thousands of motors require tens of thousands of horses to haul their material and manufactured products, which are increasing as the industrial interests develop and prosperity resumes its olden reign.

FENCES.—So long as farmers must be at the expense of maintaining fences, the question as to how posts can best be made durable will be one of interest. It is affirmed that nearly 40 years ago four oak hitching posts were set three and a half feet in the ground, after an inch hole had been bored a few inches above, and another as far below the surface of the ground, filled with salt and plugged tight, and that these posts are solid to-day. This looks possible, and is worth trying.

IF IN NEED OF A REMEDY for a Sore Throat or a Bad Cough or Cold use promptly Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a useful medicine to keep in the house, because of its great helpfulness in all Lung and Throat troubles.

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Life and Lives.

Whether we believe that the nature of man has for the first time reached its present point of excellence in the progressive development; or accept the Mosaic and Christian doctrine that man was originally created in the image of his Maker and fell from his high estate, it is certain that his nature, or organism, or being, is on the way upward. There may be lapses in the progress as there are nearly always retrogressions and false steps and slippings back in climbing a steep hill; but, in the main, and regarded as a continuous development, there can be no room to doubt that the movement is now an ascent, not a descent.

Successive lives carry life forward, and the progress made is, as a whole, dependent on the advance accomplished by individual participators of the common gift or treasure. In a word, human nature is what the natures of men or women make it to be. Hereabout comes in the responsibility of the unit for the sum of which it is a factor. None of us liveth to himself. As we live we help to make or mar the integrity, and aid or hinder the progressive development, of the life with which we have been entrusted. It is not ours to take with us at death. We must then lay it down; and it will reflect on our stewardship if, like the talent which an unprofitable servant buried in the earth, it is none the better or more noble or excellent in any way for the use we have made of it.

Not only it is true that no man liveth to himself in a general and sentimental sense, but it is perceived that in a strong and directly practical way every individual life exerts a distinct and irresistible influence, either for good or evil, on all within the area of its power, not merely as a matter of "example," but as a specific stimulant or repressant to the properties inherent in those around.

We cannot tell what life is, or even think of it apart from a living organism. When we say human life, as distinguished from human lives, we designate humanity as a whole instead of men as individuals. A child born into the world inherits the nature of his parents, blended, as it were, in his being.

And these natures which have come down to him—so to say—through his parents were, in turn, received by them from their parents; and so on, tracing back long lines of ancestry. There is no difficulty in understanding this; but upon the simple fact depend a multitude of most startling consequences. For example, the fact that what we are is, in large measure, the result of what those who have gone before us have been, and will help to determine what our children and children's children shall be, gives an importance to conduct which it could not otherwise seem to possess.

Every thought and deed leaves its impress on our nature. It has been hard to believe that "for every idle word" we must give an account. In any case, we have often felt, "Our thoughts can harm no one but ourselves; and it would be a law of supreme but over-exacting righteousness to punish us and those that come after us for the secret impurity of our minds."

In the light of the doctrine of development we now learn that no thought flits across the consciousness without leaving an indelible stain, which will wax deeper and darker as time goes on. That which cometh out of a man defileth him more than anything which goes in. Out of the heart proceed evils of all kinds, and every one of these has sprung from some seed of evil sown in the past, and has left behind it another seed of evil which will fructify in the future, besides which it disseminates evil in all whom it falls.

Again, except by a change which amounts to a "new birth," no man can be made virtuous. It must often have occurred to us, as it occurred to Nicodemus, that this picture of the change which is necessary as the first step to purification was overstated. Even in the light of we science we can now see that, unless the evil be in some way uprooted, no mere change of surface-conduct can make us pure. He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit; while he who has not been washed thoroughly can never be clean, though he wash his face—that is, order his path in life—ever so cleanly.

Once more, as regards the future, as the tree falls so must it lie; the destiny of the impure and the unclean is shown herein to be one in harmony with their nature and bent. The sow inclines to wallowing in the mire, the dog to his vomit, the debased to their defilement. There is not simply justice, but necessity and, in a sorrowful sense, fitness in the doom of the depraved, who love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil, who not only themselves do wrong, but have pleasure in them that do evil.

If we look at what is often called science fairly, we will see that it really coincides with the highest truths of religion. The principle which science has elucidated, and which explains creation and all that has followed creation, is this: When need for any new part of a living organism, or, in other words, a special manifestation of life, occurs or is created, that need is met by the development of an organic peculiarity or new organisms, specially fitted for the altered circumstances and specially adapted to satisfy their requirements. So universally is this principle applied to or embodied in life that every thought and act changes the organism.

When the will was once exercised in defiance of all authority, in the Garden of Eden there was created and left in the organic nature of man a tendency to do the same thing again. This is the underlying cause and explanation of what we call habit. If we make some movements, say, of the hand once, we have shaped or disposed our brain and nerve cell, in a fashion to render it physically likely that we should do the same thing, or think the same thing, or assume the same posture of mind, again. A single outburst of passion leaves the nature prone to break out again under a less provocation.

On a third occasion the probability is greater; and so on, until the physical disposition of the organic elements whence action springs tends strongly to the commission of particular acts; and passion, swearing, drinking, lying, theft, or the malignancy which may beget murder, become, as it were, the natural expressions of a corrupt organism. Such as the parents are will their children be, in strict consistency with the natural law which makes everything which is fruitful and multiplies bring forth fruit in its kind or after its own likeness.

Our lives are individual manifestations of life. They are the shapings of the general in the mould of the particular. A treasure is given to us, and it takes the form and assumes the attributes of the vessel in which we place it. We are responsible for the use we make of the talent entrusted to us. If we bury it in the earth, there will be nothing to show good proof of our stewardship hereafter. The treasure must be handed down from one generation to the next through long ages, and each life-holder is personally responsible for his share in the result. The consideration thus forced upon us is full of the deepest significance. Let those who have open minds and are really "truth-seekers" reflect how much this means and what a weight of responsibility the fact entails and implies.

THOSE who have little faith or trust in the promises of another world, are generally tormented with fear at the thought of quitting this. It is natural, indeed, that it should be so; for if through life we have entertained firm hopes of immortality, those hopes remain, and brighten at the portals of the tomb. But those who have disbelieved and those who have doubted have nothing to cheer them in the dark transition; and if they have had misgivings, those dreary misgivings last, when all the vanities that covered them have melted away like snow.

DO not expect to be treated as you have treated others. If you have been charitably disposed, or have assisted others, do not entertain the vain expectation that you will receive a somewhat proportionate return of thanks and kindness. The reward for such assistance is the pleasure and gratification to yourself of knowing that you have been the means of relieving the wants or alleviating the sufferings of others. This is the only reward that any man can expect, and gives more satisfaction in the long run than any other.

LOGIC, however unperverted, is not for boys; argumentation is among the most dangerous of early practices, and sends away both fancy and modesty. The young mind should be nourished with simple food, and not too copiously. It should be little exercised until its nerves and muscles show themselves, themselves, and even then rather for air than anything else.

IF you cannot be happy in one way, be happy in another; and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, but they are like an honest man looking for his hat while it is on his head or in his hand.

THE hills of lofty endeavor and high achievements lie all around us, and, if we never catch a glimpse of the views they afford, we need not complain that it is because of the insuperable limitations of our surroundings.

QUIET is only to be obtained by setting upon that which will nourish without stint our inner life. Till we have that, we shall perpetually wander from object to object, "seeking rest but finding none."

ACTIONS speak more forcibly than words; they are the test of character. Like fruit upon a tree, they show the nature of a man; while motives, like the sap, are hidden from our view.

THE mind should be great in imagination and virtuous emotion, no less than in intellect, to be healthy and vigorous in its proportions.

THOSE who have waited long and uncomplainingly for the day are much more ready to appreciate it when it comes.

KINDNESS and cheerfulness can remove more than half the wrinkles out of the forehead of age.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

BERTA.—**We have never heard of any superstition connected with falling stars. If there be one, rest assured that it is only a superstition—i. e., an idea attached to a certain phenomenon without any true reason or connection.**

J. L. P.—**Could he not learn to knit or make little baskets? It is exceedingly difficult to find amusement for those who are temporarily deprived of sight. The most promising resource is knitting. This is an entertaining occupation for the mind and the fingers when the eyes are useless or need to be idle. Under such conditions men have acquired an art which has afterwards been of use.**

F. D.—**Ferdinand and Isabella, in April, 1492, agreed to furnish Columbus, the discoverer of America, with two small caravels, or undecked ships, and one larger vessel. On the morning of August 3, 1492, the expedition left Palos, the great navigator sailing in the decked vessel called "Santa Maria" (Holy Mary), with Martin Alonzo Pinzon as commander of the "Pinta," and his brother, Vincent Yanez Pinzon, as captain of the "Nina," the two caravels.**

EMILY.—**Civility in the domestic circle is one of its most sacred guardians. What would home life be without the smile and the salute in the morning? The obedience of children to their parents is a sweet command; and the more diligently it is respected the sweeter is the reward. When parents are dutifully watchful, children should be dutifully obedient. What amount of sorrow can atone to the offended instincts and delicacy of our common nature?**

MUSICUS.—**The earliest day on which Easter Sunday can fall is the 22nd of March, and the latest, the 25th of April. Within these limits there are 35 days, and this number, 35, is called the "Number of Direction." It varies from year to year, and when added to the 21st of March, it will give the day on which Easter Sunday falls. If the number of direction be 1, when added to the 21st of March, then Easter Sunday will fall on the 22nd of March. When the number is 35, when added to the 21st of March, it will give 56 days, from which subtract 31 days for March, and the result will be the 25th of April, the latest day on which Easter Sunday can fall.**

DOUGLAS.—**The doctrine of evolution is in no way antagonistic to the idea of creation. The egg laid by the silkworm-moth contains a germ which has treasured up in it a force that not only determines the development of the worm but afterwards that of the moth. The original germ embodied the forces necessary to carry the being, or entity of the animal organism and life, through successive stages of development. There was little in the egg to show that it would produce a worm, nothing whatever to indicate that the worm so produced would, in obedience to an embodied force—that is, a force embodied in the egg—afterwards pass through the chrysalis stage, and finally evolve a moth. This illustration will suffice to indicate what we mean by the original force. The lowest germ of organic life was created with a force, or forces, within it which, responding to the influence of successive surroundings operating through countless ages and producing effects persistently transmitted.**

NOVICE.—**Reasoning a priori is the deduction of effects from causes previously known, or that which infers consequences from principles previously assumed. Thus, this earth is a planet; this earth is inhabited; ergo planets are inhabited—an a priori argument. The a posteriori argument is the exact reverse of this. In one the proof runs before, in the other after the assertion. Thus, finding a man poisoned, his servant with the poison in his hand, trembling and guilty, and hearing him stammer out the confession of the murder, you at once conclude a posteriori that the man bought the poison for the purposes of murder. Again, we know that a lower being than man cannot make a watch. We know man cannot make a world. We therefore reason a priori that the world must have been made by a being of much higher capacity than man, because the world is much more difficult in execution than a watch. We give these very simple instances that all may understand them. Your own were not perhaps so clearly put.**

LACK REST.—**The mistake persons working as you do too commonly make is that of pushing the labor in hand beyond healthy limits by remaining too long at a time on the strain. Break up your work a little more by so arranging the business of the day that you may secure some brief respite at periods not more than an hour apart. It is not necessary to do less work in the day, but to order the whole so that each particular piece of effort may be shortened. For example, subdivide your day's work before you begin into a series of small tasks, and thereby give your mind the relief of feeling that it has accomplished something at short intervals. It will be a great point gained if the mind can rest satisfied for a few minutes after the accomplishment of a brief spell of labor. If you set out to walk twenty miles at a stretch in five hours, the journey would seem a long and wearisome one, and prove exhausting; but, if you simply set out to call at five places, each four miles apart, in five hours, you would not feel the same weariness, because you would have been relieved by the sense of work done at short intervals. Try this, and write to us again. Get a walk, however short, twice a day, and rise frequently from your table for five minutes at least to relieve the cramped position and the injurious bending of the neck, also to rest the eyes.**

LONG AGO.

BY C. J.

When opal tints and gray invade
The crimson of the west—
When daylight's lingering traces fade,
And song birds seek the nest—
When shadows fall o'er hill and plain,
And stars in heaven glow,
We live in memory once again
The days of long ago.

Though smiling fortune on us shower
Her gifts with right good will—
Though every passing day and hour
Be filled with sunshine still—
Though joys and pleasures deep abound
Upon the way we go,
We sigh and dream o'er joys we found
In days of long ago.

And though we form new friends, new ties,
New joys, new pleasures try,
And though new hopes like phantoms rise
As in the days gone by,
When comes the holy calm of eve,
Our tears unbidden flow;
We love, we hope, we plan and grieve
Again in Long Ago.

Too Late.

BY A. L. N.

FOUR o'clock on a sultry afternoon in August—the hill above the drowsy little fishing village wrapped in a smoky haze of blue and purple and violet—the harbor empty, except for a couple of trawlers and a coal vessel lying in close to the quay, with a sailor or two asleep on deck in the sun—an odd, dreamy hush, a stillness of intense heat over everything—even the smoke creeping lazily from the chimneys—and far away, where the heated sea-line merges imperceptibly into the sky, a cluster of little brown dots close together—the herring fleet creeping out into the bay.

But the hot silence is broken presently. The regular dipping sound of oars is followed by the appearance of a long green-and-white yawl, pulled by an old man in a blue guernsey and oilskin hat, which crosses the harbor obliquely in the direction of a flight of stone steps leading down from the quay to the water's edge. At the top of the steps a party of ladies and children are watching its approach.

Another much smaller boat, with two men stretched lazily along the seats, is lying in close to the wall, rising and falling slowly on the long swell which heaves in from the harbor mouth.

"We may take down our sails, Hans," observes one of the two, looking up regretfully at the slender varnished mast with the white canvas lying against it, and the loose foresail flapping idly to and fro as the boat rises and falls.

"I think so," I say—for I am the other—shading my eyes to blink across the glassy expanse of water, where not even a "cat's paw" is to be seen.

"The girls will be disappointed," remarks Will Caxton, laughing. "They wanted particularly to sail to day, because the sea looks so nice and safe."

I clasp my hands behind my head, and look up at "the girls." There are two of them—Caxton's sister and my cousin, Hilda Pennant. Miss Caxton is a piquant-looking little lady, with fair hair cut across her forehead, a mite of a nose, and a pair of great gray eyes. She is dressed in blue, with a blue veil twisted round her straw hat.

Hilda is dark, with a thin face and long lank black hair hanging down her back. But she is only a school-girl, and will be pretty enough in another year or two. These two are sworn friends and allies, after the fashion of girls. I am almost a stranger to both, as my acquaintance with Miss Caxton dates only from the previous evening, and I have not seen Hilda since I left her, a little thing, of nine, when I went to Australia seven years ago, until the day before. Aunt Sophy and several smaller cousins make up the party. They are waiting for three persons who are coming leisurely along the quay, and whose heads presently appear above the top line of stones which form our visible horizon.

"We'd better clear away these lines and get Tom to carry our fish up to the house,' says Caxton, sitting up and yawning.

"Papa," calls out a chorus of shrill voices, "here's the boat—may we get in?"

"Presently. Go quietly, Harry, or you will be into the harbor. Let Daisy go down first, Charlie. Do you hear me, sir? Baskets stowed away, Tom?"

"All right, sir," says the old sailor, laying hold of the w[illegible] to steady the boat as the young [illegible] board her. Fortunately she is a big, roomy tub, not to be easily capsized. The tide has gone out considerably since Will and I came in from our morning's fishing off the Pins.

"Harry, you'll knock your sister down! Daisy, get in at once, dear. Aylmer, take the bow oar. Now, Sophy."

Aunt Sophy descends leisurely. She is bound for the sea in a silk dress long in the skirt, a black lace shawl, a bonnet, and a parasol. The yawl draws several inches more when she is seated in the stern. We watch the family arrangements with a great deal of laughter and undutiful chaff.

"Now, Tancred, you and Helen had better get in," says uncle George.

The two latest arrivals draw nearer, and come within my range of vision. Mr. Tancred is a small, slight man, with a worn but handsome face, to which a pointed gray beard gives a rather Elizabethan character. The girl beside him is tall and straight, with a pilot jacket on, and wearing her light-brown hair in a knot of plaits high at the back of her head under a sailor hat with a black ribbon round it. I watch the embarkation of these two with bent brows.

"I say, who's coming with us?" cries Caxton. "Mr. Pennant, you're not going to appropriate all the ladies?"

"Have you room for Hilda and me?" asks his sister, looking down rather dubiously at our small craft bobbing up and down like a cork on the water.

"Room? I should think so!"

I look at the girl in the pilot jacket as if I half expect her to speak, though I know she will not, and assist Will in his arrangements with a shade less of enthusiasm than he has displayed.

"Are we all in?" says uncle George. "That's right. Now, Tom, give us a shove."

The old sailor has stepped ashore, and gives the boat a powerful push. We watch them forge slowly ahead, and then slip into their place and take our freight on board.

"This is a horrible little cockleshell," says Miss Caxton.

"Is it dangerous?" Hilda asks the question with a look of her dark eyes at Will which opens mine a little. "The young monkey—is she beginning to flirt already?" I ask myself, as Caxton returns the look with interest.

"Not a bit dangerous, except in bad weather," he says, laughing.

"I'm glad I'm not in that stupid old boat, at all events," observes Hilda. "Oh, Hans, you're not going to take down the mast? It looks so pretty!"

"Not if you don't like," says Will; so I sit down again and say nothing, though the mast is rather in the way. I am watching the other boat while I keep stroke with Will, who is pulling his best.

"Oh, do look at mamma," cries Hilda—"do look at her, with her parasol up! And papa rowing against the two boys! How absurd they look! I say, papa, shall we give you a tow?"

This as we shoot past them and take the lead. The boys answer with some "chaff." I look at the girl in the stern. Her head is turned away from us; I can see only the grave, sweet outline of cheek and brow and chin, and the curve of long eyelashes against the blue background of the sea.

"It's a shame to have left Helen with the old fogies," says Hilda, drawing her brown hands through the water. She ought to have come with us."

I look at the old fogies, or at one of them, whose gentlemanly suit of pale gray makes me rather ashamed of my rough blue guernsey and canvas shoes.

"Perhaps she doesn't think Mr. Tancred an old fogy," says Miss Caxton.

"But he is—he is as old as the hills. Hans, you and Helen used to be great friends long ago. Why do you cut each other now?"

I laugh carelessly, and roll up my sleeves. There are blue tattoo-marks on my arms, which I am rather ashamed of now—an anchor and the letter H—perhaps it stood for "Hans."

"I remember how you were always together before you went to Australia," Hilda goes on, mischievously. "I was 'daisy picker' for you very often."

"Helen's going to marry old Tancred, isn't she?" puts in Will.

I have never asked that question, though I have been nearly three days in the house; and Helen Ray is my cousin too. My first glimpse of her after my return from my seven years' exile had knocked some nonsense out of me, I thought. Dashing into my aunt's drawing-room, I came upon Helen and Mr. Tancred tete-a-tete. I could not see her face—she was standing in the window—but there was no mistaking the expression upon his. I rushed out of the room, and when I met Helen, an hour later, my greeting was as cold as ice—hers, if possible, was colder. We have not thawed since.

"They're not engaged," remarks Hilda—"not actually—but I dare say he'll bother her into it this evening."

We are now quite close to the rocky island for which we are bound, and to our left lies the sharp, jagged reef called the Pins. The island, which lies some two miles distant from the mainland, looks very still and sunny and quiet, transfigured by the evening light.

On the side next us it slopes down, golden brown with short, thymy turf, to the strip of silvery beach; on the other side cliffs of two or three hundred feet stand sheer from the summit to the sea.

It is as pretty a place for a gipsy tea as one can well imagine, and many a cup I have drunk there in the old days, than which none have tasted sweeter since. As our keel grates upon the shining wet shingle, where the line of seaweed shows how far the tide has gone out hundreds of rabbits scurry up through the ferns and brambles, or vanish in the shadow of the big gray rocks. Will jumps ashore and helps Hilda out, holding her hand considerably longer than is strictly necessary. I follow, and turn to assist Miss Caxton. Our consort is coming up slowly in our wake.

"Oh, dear, however shall I get across all that water?" cries Miss Caxton, with a comical look of despair down at the half-yard of sea under the bow. "I can't do it! Oh, Hilda, how did you manage?"

But Hilda is walking off along the shore with Will, and does not hear.

"Why, it's quite easy!" I say, laughing. "Just take my hand, and give a good spring."

She takes my hand, but she does not spring.

"I can't," she reiterates. "Oh, couldn't you pull her higher up, Mr. Hayward?"

I move one step towards the boat, and take Miss Caxton in my arms. I carry her a little farther up than the seaweed; she pretends to be very angry.

"Whew!" says uncle George, laughing, as he puts on his coat and steps ashore. "I'm getting too stout to row. One of you fellows must come back with us. How awfully hot it is!"

We get aunt Sophy out with difficulty. She is not exactly suited to a seafaring life. The young fry tumble ashore in company with the baskets of "grub" and a kettle; Mr. Tancred gives his hand to Helen with stately gallantry, but stands much more in need of assistance than she does. Helen used to be a famous sailor, I think, with a curious pang.

We scatter along the shore in search of driftwood for our fire. Miss Caxton and I dawdle off together, not stooping to pick up many sticks. Something has made me feel rather reckless just now, and seeing Hilda and Will Caxton wander off side by side, I think there is nothing for me to do but to flirt with Miss Zoe, which I begin to do straightway, and find presently that it is much easier to go on than to stop.

Immediately upon landing aunt Sophy sits down on the grass and begins to crochet—uncle George takes out his newspaper and stretches himself at full length, with his hat over his eyes, pretending to read. I soon think that walking under this scorching sun will not do.

"Let us rest for a little—it is so awfully hot," I suggest, and we seat ourselves on a ferny knoll in the shadow of a big brown rock. There is an odor of brine in the air, the wet seaweed glitters just before us, the sand is there strewn with razor shells, oyster shells, scallops, ancient barnacle-covered whelks, small shells like mother-of-pearl, others smaller still like rose leaves the children are expressing their delight afar off as they gather them up.

"How nice it is here!" says Miss Caxton, in her babyish voice. She has a very affected way of speaking; she is affected altogether.

"Very nice," I agree, lazily pulling some sea pinks which have the misfortune to grow within reach of my hand, and tying them into a bouquet with a blade of grass.

"I can see our house and the Pennants'. How far off do you suppose the Pins are from this?" She is looking westward as she speaks.

"About a mile."

"They are dangerous looking things"—with a shiver—"but how pretty the hill looks—doesn't it?—and even the village, at this distance?"

"You look very pretty," I say. It is a bold speech, considering the length of our acquaintance. But she did look pretty—more so than I cared to see.

"You deserve to have your ears boxed, sir!" she cries, turning away her head.

"Then box them," I say, magnanimously.

"Whom are you tying up those flowers for?" she asks, changing the subject.

"For you, if you will have them."

She holds out her hand with a half-shy glance—only half shy—from under her long eyelashes. I take the little hand and hold it.

"What will you give me for them?"

"What would you like?" she inquires, saucily.

"You know what I should like," I am saying, with my head very close to hers, when Helen and Mr. Tancred come round the rock. I do not see them at first, but I know, from Helen's proud averted eyes, that she has seen us. I am afraid I anathematise the small coquette beside me rather unfairly.

At the same time I ask myself why I should care if Helen did see. She is enjoying herself—why should not I? But somehow the enjoyment has palled upon me, and when Helen and Mr. Tancred pass out of sight round the bend of the shore I suggest that we go back and see how the kettle gets on.

My companion does not seem to care about the kettle, but she gets up, and we saunter slowly across the sands. The tide is at its lowest ebb—the small boat is high and dry, the yawl just on the edge of the water. The children are very noisy in their gipsy encampment; a great crackling fire blazes up against the rocks; the kettle hangs above it on some cunningly-contrived support; Hilda and Caxton are taking things out of the Welsh baskets—cups and pies, and ham and saucers, and plates and rolls—and taking a long time about it too. There is a great smoke from the fire, which chokes us and makes our eyes stream when it comes in our direction; but the children like it. Aylmer sits in the very thick of it, keeping up the fire with bits of drift.

The tea is made, and everything is ready before Helen and Mr. Tancred come back. Mr. Tancred looks rather bored by the proceedings, and spreads a shawl on the grass before he sits down. I don't think he enjoys gipsy teas.

There is the usual number of mishaps common to such meals in the open air. A wasp commits suicide in aunt Sophy's tea, Daisy sits down inadvertently in Charlie's plate of cold pie, Harry puts his foot into his teacup; but these only add to the general hilarity.

Caxton and Miss Hilda take their tea tete a tete, with a napkin for their tablecloth; aunt Sophy watches them. Uncle George laughs as gaily as the children; Daisy pours out the tea. The short, dry, thymy turf is delicious to lie upon—the air is growing cool. On our right the island rises up like a picture, still and sunny gray with rocks and blooming with heather and fern; on our left lies the dazzling glory of the sea.

It is at last tea is over. The delight of washing the tea cups and plates in some translucent pool among the rocks is soon past, and Daisy is balancing herself on a rock to the imminent peril of her nose, when she suddenly startles us all by crying out—

"Papa, the fleet is coming back!"

"Nonsense, child!" says uncle George.

We cannot see round the point, and, thinking the child must be mistaken, straightway forget all about her words. We are presently laughing at the gambols of the children, who have waded out into the warm bright water, and look like so many herons standing about in the shining shallows.

"Let's race the girls up to the top of the island," says Will, stretching himself. "I shall soon be asleep if some one doesn't make a move. Come along, Miss Pennant—you and I'll race Hans and Zoe up to the cairn."

No sooner said than done. I did not feel at all inclined for the expedition until I saw Helen and Mr. Tancred loiter down to the edge of the water together, and stand there talking. Then I thought I might as well go as not. Up among the tall red bracken and bronzed blackberry brambles, over lichened rocks and toadstools, over heathy spaces yellow with crowfoot, we scramble, and, wherever the way is slippery, and sometimes where it is not, I find Zoe Caxton's little hand in mine.

The others reach the top long before we do. I did not think we care about being first. We find them sitting on the cairn, laughing, and out of breath. What a view we have when we turn round to look at it! Below us lies the sea, changing like the evening sky; also all the purple hill, with the smoky village at its foot, transfigured by distance; and away towards the eastern

to-morrow are the red sails of the fishing-boats gleaming in the sun. They are all coming back—little Daisy was right.

I wonder idly what is bringing them in on such an evening, but my thoughts are wandering back to other evenings, seven years ago, when we used to row home in the sunset after just such an afternoon as this—evenings when the air was cool, the sky azure in the east and deep rose in the west, and the glassy undulations of the sea reflected each color in turn—when the island lay behind us like one great amethyst and the purple hill before us, with the lights of the village below it, and the great round primrose moon above—when the beams of the moon shimmered in the water beside us, and made it drip silver from our oars, and Helen's hand lay in mine while the moon-rays illumined her face. Caxton's voice breaks up my reverie.

"I say, Hayward, just look behind you!"

I do so, and start at the sight which meets my eyes.

A great bank of lurid cloud is coming up out of the sea, which shows against it black and dull. Some strange light, like the reflection of a great fire, illumines its edges, and the white wings of the screaming sea-gulls are thrown out in strong relief against its threatening background.

"Will, we're going to have some dirty weather," I say, gravely.

"Then the sooner we get down and into the boats the better," replies Will.

We hurry down the frightened girls as fast as they can run. Suddenly I catch sight of a pilot jacket and sailor hat among the rocks—it is Helen, coming along leisurely, her head bent down. She is too far off to hear us when we shout. I drop Zoe Caxton's hand and dashed away through the catching brambles. Will hurries the girls on, but Zoe looks wistfully after me.

"Helen," I cry, "there's a storm coming! Not a minute is to be lost!"

"I know it," she says, looking up. "I shall be on the beach before they are ready."

I try to reach her through the matted briars over the rocks.

"What do you want?" she asks, coldly.

"I wish you would go on."

"I shall stay by you," I return, doggedly, reaching her and walking on by her side.

A little gold locket hanging to her chain sparkles in the sunshine.

"I wonder you care to wear that still," I say, very bitterly.

"I wonder I do," she replies, reddening; "perhaps you would like it back?"

"Yes—if you do not care to keep it."

She detaches it from the chain, and hands it me without a word. I take it from her hand and fling it as far as I can into the sea. The cold gray water receives it without a splash. Vivat omen!

"There's an end of that!" I say, thrusting my hands into my pockets.

"I think it was ended before then," she says, with a grave smile. We are passing the rock where she has seen me sitting with Miss Caxton, and she glances at it as she speaks. I do not. A sudden puff of wind blows my hat off.

"Ah, that looks like business!" I say, recovering it.

A white squall is frothing the dull leaden-colored sea to the eastward. All the lurid light has died out of the sky. There is an ominous stillness among the living creatures on the island—not a rabbit is to be seen. But the gulls are whirling wildly round the Pins. We reach the shore without speaking another word.

"Hurry, Hans—make haste!" shouts uncle George. "They are getting aunt Sophy into the big boat—all the others are on board."

Every wave—for the sea has risen into waves already—sends her roughly up the shingly beach. The tide has turned—it is as much as they can do to keep her off the stones.

"Come, Helen!" cried aunt Sophy, nervously clutching the gunwale to steady herself. "We must all go together; I cannot trust any one in that wretched punt. But do make haste, child—we're going to have an awful storm."

"Uncle George," I cry, "you are overloaded; the yawl won't hold any more. Let some of the boys come with me, for I shall certainly return in the punt."

"No, no!" aunt Sophy shrieks. "I cannot let any of the children go in the punt."

"Then Will must come."

But Will looks at Hilda's face and hesitates.

"No, no," says uncle George; "we could not get on without Will—the boys could not pull a stroke in such a sea."

"Let me get out," requests Mr. Tancred, standing up in his place.

"Sit down, sit down!" cries uncle George, distractedly. "We are losing precious time with all this talk. Shove her in, Will. Now, Helen, jump in at once!"

I walk away in the direction of the smaller boat.

"I am going with Hans," says Helen, following me. "Uncle George, you are terribly overloaded already. I shall be as safe—safer in the punt. Push her off, Mr. Caxton, for I'm not going."

"Helen, are you mad?" cries aunt Sophy, in despair.

A sudden squall sends the sea rushing up the shingle; the sky grows darker every moment, and the yawl comes swinging in on the beach.

"Pull, Caxton, pull, or you are done for!" I cry, and they are off. A few good strokes place them in safety. They cry to us again to change our minds and go with them, but I shake my head and wave them off. The last I see of them is aunt Sophy's terrified face, and Zoe Caxton's wistful eyes watching us; the last I hear is the children crying in chorus, and Will telling them to "shut up." They are very deep in the water.

"You ought to have gone with them," I say to Helen.

"Do you think so?" she questions, moving away to our boat. I follow her sullenly enough, yet with a mad delight in my heart which I try to keep from appearing in my eyes. We reach the punt, and then exclaim simultaneously, "They have taken our oars!"

Bitterly I anathematise Will Caxton's stupidity. We are in a precious "fix" now. I remember our placing the oars in the large boat for safety on landing, but I supposed they had been taken out before they pushed her into the water; however, neither anathemas nor lamentations can bring them back now. What is to be done?

"It would be madness to attempt to sail the punt in such weather as this," I say, as the squalls grow more frequent and the sky becomes blacker.

"What can be done?" asks Helen, looking quietly at me.

"We must remain here till they send for us," I say, doggedly. Perhaps it is because she herself suggested accompanying me—perhaps from some other feeling; at all events my cousin turns away with a proud and angry flush.

"I am going, at all events," she says, pushing the little boat into the water. I help her, of course; there is nothing else for me to do. The waves dash the little craft angrily against the stones; it is a dangerous moment while we get on board and shove her off. Fortunately we have the boat hook left in the boat. I set the foresail as we clear the shingle; but, though she lies over very much even under such a rag of canvas, and draws rapidly away from the shore, she will not sail. Helen sits in the stern, the tiller-ropes in her hands.

"We must set the mainsail," I say, "but I am afraid it will carry away the mast."

I loose it as I speak, and sit down with the sheet in my hand. The wind fills out the sail in a moment, and we send away at a tremendous rate, leaving the shore behind us, and a long wake of greenish white foam.

"If the mast will only hold!" I say, looking up at the slender spar, not thicker than my wrist, on which so much depends. "Keep her as close to the wind as you can."

"She won't sail very close," returns my cousin. The tiny canvas is shaking already.

"Well, we shall only be obliged to tack," I remark. "Keep her away."

We dash along bravely, the sea bubbling at our bows, and running away into our wake like milk. I look at Helen, but her face is half turned away from me. She has no gloves on, and I stare at the hands which hold the tiller-ropes with a bitter remembrance of the time when they were mine—mine to hold and to clasp—ay, and to kiss. I set my teeth and give the sheet an additional twist round my wrist. It is not very easy to hold it now. The boat is bounding along in quick jumps, like a hunted animal—all the weight being aft throws her bows out of the water. We can see the yawl ploughing along ahead of us. We are not able to keep as straight for the harbor as its occupants can.

"I think they left us very cavalierly after all," I say, laughing, as I look under the sail at them. I begin to feel a strange thrill of exultation. To be with her—she and I alone together—is terribly sweet to me, even though she is so changed and cold, and we are in danger of losing our lives.

"Oh, but think of the children! That old boat would have gone to pieces in another minute on the shingle."

"Tancred left you very unconcernedly," I observe, watching her, while I feel if there is too much tension on the weather-stay.

"He did not know the danger," she explains, smiling for the first time. Why does she smile? I bite my lip savagely.

"Helen," I say, bending towards her—we are sitting opposite to each other—"we used to be great chums long ago. Tell me, do you care for that old man?" I speak very quietly, but my heart thumps hard enough to take away my breath.

"I am not so very young," she answers. I know she is laughing by the tone of her voice.

"I know your age very well. You are exactly three years younger than I am, and I was twenty-eight last Wednesday. But you have not answerd me?"

"He is very kind to me."

"Kind!" I echo, with supreme contempt. Is he kinder to her than I should be—I who—but my thoughts are soon turned in another direction.

"Look out!" calls Helen, quietly. "Here comes another squall."

It is upon us before the words are out of her mouth, and for a moment I think we will have to swim for it. The poor little craft lies over fearfully, the water rushing in over the gunwale before she recovers herself; but she does recover herself, as we hastily luff her up into the wind. I think every moment the mast will go, as I hold the slackened sheet in my hand, but it does not.

"That was a close shave," I remark, breathing more freely.

"Yes," agrees Helen, laconically. She has not changed color once, except to grow more peerless-looking and bright with every dash of the salt spray into her face. It has wetted us both thoroughly by this time, though, sitting with my back to the bow, I have sheltered her a little. I have lost my hat somehow, and the water drips from my hair down the back of my neck.

"I am afraid you will catch cold," I say, rather awkwardly. Helen is looking straight before her as a steersman should.

"I never take cold," she rejoins.

"I believe you are invulnerable," I say, bitterly enough, turning away my face. But I have time for no more. Another squall overtakes us, and the boat heels over like a wounded bird. I do all in my power to ease her; but the sail is wet half way up before she rights. The tin bait-can rolls down to leeward; we can hardly keep our seats. I watch Helen. She utters no exclamation—she only closes her lips a little tightly. What a sweet firm mouth she has! Well for me is it that it is not Hilda or Zoe Caxton with whom I have to deal now! Helen is cool as myself, and I am made unnaturally cool by the despairing pain at my heart.

"Another like that and I give up," I say, cruelly. I wish to frighten her.

"We shall not make the harbor," she returns. "She will not sail any nearer the wind."

I look under the sail.

"We must tack," I say, "and that will be neck or nothing now."

I give the sheet a twist round the cleat, and pull off my soaking guernsey and canvas shoes. Helen watches me quietly.

"It seems a pity to turn away when we are so near," she says, woman-like.

"But it must be done," I affirm, loosing the sheet and putting the foresail in order for the change. "Now, Helen, down with your helm—hard down! That's it—we'll do it yet!"

It is a trying moment. The sullen green waves, looking enormous in comparison with our little craft, come rushing down upon us, covering us with a lather of foam. But the boom swings round, the boat trembles and shivers like a living thing, stands up straight for a moment, while the sails flap and tug over our heads, and then fall away on the other tack, and we are running free again—towards the purple bank of cloud where the sun has set, and the black, wicked-looking sea, however—not towards the red gleam of the light-house, which we can see now and then over the breaking seas. We feel the wind and waves rather less now; but the wind is veering every moment, and every moment growing fresher.

How suddenly the weather changed! But the ominous calm of the last few days ought to have warned us that something unusual was going to happen. The barometer was unaccountably low for some hours; but in the face of the glorious morning nobody paid any attention to it. It was very stupid of us, but I am not sorry now—I am glad.

Sitting here, opposite to Helen, and quite close to her, for there is not much space in the punt, my heart is beating with tumultuous throbs of mingled pain and ecstasy. To die—if we are to die—with her will not be terrible to me—not half so terrible as to live without her. I never look towards the shore—I hate it. For, once on shore, another will claim her—here she is mine. Only one fall plank divides us from death. I think of the bottom of the sea, of the still green depths below our keel, of the forests of kelp and sea tang and waving weeds, and picture us two living there, drowned. One thing I determine upon—if we do go down we will go down together. Helen will die with my arms round her. I suppose the idea makes me smile, for Helen says, looking at me curiously—

"You appear quite happy."

"So I am. Terribly happy."

"You think they are safe?"

"Who?"

"Why, those in the yawl."

"I was not thinking about them," I say, with sublime selfishness. "But they were almost in the harbor when I saw them last. The wind wont affect them much; they carry so much ballast——"

Another wild gust comes down upon us before I can finish the sentence. I really think all is over this time. The boat shivers from stern to stern, and lies over perilously; the slender mast cracks, and, with a sharp report, the foresail blows out of the bolt-ropes and is whirled out to sea like a pocket-handkerchief. I think the other will follow, but it does not. The boat staggers and catches herself up, and then staggers again, shipping every sea. But she goes on like the game craft that she is.

"We must go about presently, or we shall be on the Pins," I remark looking at Helen. I can hardly believe she realizes our danger, she looks so quiet.

"Yes, I hear the waves breaking upon them," she says, smiling.

"The mast will go as sure as fate," I observe, without smiling.

"Are we in danger of our lives?" she asks, turning to me gravely.

"We are."

"How soon must we change our course?"

"In a minute, or less."

She is quite silent for a little while after this, with her face turned away from me. The salt spray beats upon her bright cheeks, and hangs upon her long eyelashes like tears. My heart gives a tremendous bound, and then stands still.

"Helen," I say, beading towards her a little—I can feel how white my face has grown, and that my eyes are wild—"if these are our last moments—as Heaven knows I think they are—I must say one word to you. You will not be angry with me—we are so near death?"

She looks surprised and startled—most surprised.

"Helen," I cry, falling on my knees before her, the sheet round one hand, and grasping hers with the other, tiller-ropes and all, "I love you so much that it is sweet to me to die with you."

Her cheeks flush more deeply than the cold sea-spray has power to flush them—a strange sudden illumination comes into her soft brown eyes.

"Hans," she says, brokenly, "get up; you don't know what you are saying."

"Do I not?" I cry, passionately, raising my head. "Oh, Helen, we are dying; you might give me one kiss for the sake of times gone by?"

She hesitates. The boat gives a terrible lurch; I think she is fairly going down with us, but I do not stir. Helen bends forward and kisses my forehead twice.

"You are a foolish boy," she says, with her grave smile. "Now get up, and try whether you can save our lives."

I do get up, but I can think of nothing but the touch of those sweet cold lips. A wild, reckless, bewildering feeling of happiness surges through me—if we could only sail on, on, like this for evermore! Would it not be better to die with that kiss on my forehead than to live and lose her? A mad resolve not to be saved—to run on the rocks just ahead of us and end it all—takes possession of me, but Helen's voice recalls me to myself.

"It is time to go about," she says, clearly and coolly.

It is time. The darkness is coming on fast—not the darkness of night only, but the thickness of the storm. Before us, straight in our course, like the Pins, a dangerous reef, only distinguishable now by the whiteness of the water at its base.

The boat is dashing along madly, but with an uncertain, sidelong motion, the foam parting from the bows in a shower of spray. There is a crack down the mast as long as my hand, and it trembles like the heart of a bird. She cannot bear such a strain much longer, and yet we are going to try her still more.

"Will she stand it?" asks Helen, as I rise to let all go.

"I am afraid not. She will feel the weather much more on the other tack."

"But must it be done?"

"It must. The Pins are not a hundred yards ahead."

"There is no hope?"

"I do not think there is. I do not wish it otherwise. Oh, Helen," I add, with a passionate look into her upraised eyes, "darling, I must have another kiss. You will not refuse me. You don't care about me, but I love you better than my life."

I stoop and put my arm round her kissing her more than once. She does not push me away or speak a single word. But her eyes are full of tears.

"You had better let me take off that heavy pilot jacket—it will only drag you down."

She allows me to take it off; it is no easy matter with the sheet in my hand.

"Now," I call, preparing to let the sheet slip, "down with your helm—jam it down!"

"Wait one moment" cries my cousin, without obeying the order, I am ready to let all go and spring forward as the boat turns over. For I mean to hold Helen up as long as the choking spray will let me, and to hold her still as we sink down, down into the cold abyss. I know the boat will never right herself again when she once heels over in such a gale. But I haul the sheet home again when Helen speaks. We are running right on to the Pins. There is not a minute to be lost. The roar of the surf sounds above the roar of the wind.

"Hans," says the sweet, clear voice, "I may as well tell you—I would rather you knew it, since this is to be the end, though you did not ask me. I love you too—have loved you these seven years and more. Now!"

She puts the helm down. There is an awful second of suspense. Now with all my heart and soul and strength I desire to live. The one idea in my mind now is to save her and to live; but is it too late? The gallant little boat answers to her helm with a last effort, comes round shuddering. The sails flaps and fills; she stands still a moment, as if drawing her breath, then falls over on the other tack, and we are running for the harbor again. But it is for the last time; the squall catches her; there is a lurch—a stagger. She lies over almost on to the water, ships a tremendous sea, goes over still more, ships two more seas in rapid succession, and then, with a strange, gurgling, gasping sound, heels over and goes down.

I grasp Helen and try to swim, while the waves dash against my chest. I rise on a big green wave, still holding Helen in my drowning grasp, and the rest is a blank, till I find myself lying on a sofa somewhere, and somebody trying to make me drink something horribly hot and sweet. It is not Helen though Helen is there too.

"Are they all safe? Who picked us up?" I ask, with a dazed look.

"The coastguard. We sent the galley out to meet you; they were just in time. Do drink this, like a dear fellow," says aunt Sophy, with tears in her eyes.

"No, I don't want it. Helen!" She bends over me. "Helen, you are mine?" You won't retract what you said because we are not drowned? You are mine?"

"I suppose I am by the law of flotsam and jetsam," she whispers smiling. "Now drink what aunt Sophy offers—for my sake."

A True Wife.

BY W. S. B.

WHEN Edward Farnham and Fanny Polcombe got married, Fanny's aunt, Martha Painter, declared that they were "a couple of babies, and would soon have to be brought home to be nursed." Grandma and grandpa Painter shared their maiden daughter's fears, but not her spite, and hoped for the best.

The young people had commenced life at the very foot of the ladder, and they were not ashamed to conform in all things to their narrow circumstances. They must now walk in the dust of the road traveled by many weary feet; but above them were the broad, free spaces of serene air and cloudless sunlight, and thither they would be ever tending.

Something of this, in plain and few words, Edward Farnham embodies in his letter to Mr. Painter. Fanny would have a little fortune on the death of her grandfather; but till then neither she nor Edward would allow of any sacrifice of the modest comforts of the dear old home, so needed in their old age by those who loved so well. They were young and strong, and willing to work industriously and fare plainly until Fortune smiled upon them, as she would sooner or later. And so, with many thanks for proffered aid, and a thousand loving questions and messages, the letter closed.

"We were mistaken, Martha," grandpa said, as he finished reading the letter, and laid it upon the table with his spectacles atop, "both of us mistaken, as folks often are in pronouncing sudden judgments. Edward and Fanny are really in this age of humbug. Edward means to work, and he's got a helpmate, and I look upon his fortune as good as made. You'll see, if I ain't right and one of these years, when your poor old father and mother have laid down beside Fanny's mother in the churchyard, you'll make your home with them, and it'll be a right good, substantial, and handsome house too, that they'll make you welcome to."

The old man's prophecy was fulfilled, but years had passed, and each had brought its trials and its struggles, its days of toil, its disappointments, as well as the golden fruitions of steady industry and unremitting care.

Fanny had no thought of being idle while Edward worked. He would have gone to the very extent of his salary, and perhaps, in his anxiety, beyond it, to save her fatigue and care, to place and keep her in a position of proximate comfort to that which she had enjoyed at home. But here Fanny's own good sense stepped in, as that of every true-hearted woman should, to prevent an act of almost suicidal folly.

"We know just what we have to live on, Edward, and must not go beyond that. Let us make our expenses within, rather than quite up to our means, and then we shall not only contract no debts, but any extraordinary expenditure, as of sickness, will not embarrass us. Above all, let us be independent now; and when my little fortune comes in, you will be ready perhaps, to start in business on your own account, or know how to invest it to the best advantage."

Fanny was more right than she apprehended, and Edward lived to see the time when he was far more willing to acknowledge it than he was when first they discussed their plans. Steadily he worked on. He was only a clerk, with a salary that, to a "fast" young man, would scarcely have sufficed for dress and cigars. Yet he and Fanny continued to live upon it, and to lay by something. They saw the wisdom of their course, when the first babe was born, and the attendant expenses of Fanny's illness; for the waste and extravagance of the girl who reigned in the kitchen during the time quite exhausted all they had been able to save.

Fanny's savings had been swept away, and they were again dependent on Edward's salary alone; but fortunately it had been raised, as his industry and energy had been so apparent to his employers as to induce them gladly to give him a fair compensation for such services.

About this time Fanny sat down to write to her aunt Martha; a little fearful, a little tremulous, but firmly resolved to execute her purpose, which was to ask for a visit from her aunt, who had offered to come a second time, to watch over her dear child in her hour of peril.

"I have an excellent woman already here," she wrote, "who will do housekeeper, nurse, and maid of all work. Don't fear that I shall not have good attention. I shall do very well; Edward is so kind, and little Martha is not in the least troublesome. I must not take you from home, when my grandfather and mother need you so much; and besides, to tell the whole truth, we cannot afford the expense of another inmate. I know what you would say to this confession, but we must be independent. We will not incur debts nor obligations in the way mentioned here."

Six years have passed since Fanny made this sacrifice to her [illegible] was a sacrifice, [illegible] has made many since; but to [illegible] that have gone so hard with her. But every year has seen some [illegible] need of the extreme [illegible] minor expenses. And it was [illegible] never been all owed to [illegible] institute. In the days of their [illegible] poverty the poor never [illegible] aided from [illegible] were [illegible]

[illegible] a step in his employment, [illegible] of salary. Now a judicious investment of the aggregate of many little savings had awaited the sum that was by and-by to [illegible] him in business; now he had a prospect of partnership sooner or later in the firm he had so long served.

Last year Fanny went from her home, on a visit of several weeks, to a distance from home. While absent, she received a letter from her husband, begging her to return on a certain day, as it seemed likely that they would be obliged to remove from the house they were then occupying. The letter was brief, and somewhat unsatisfactory; but Fanny, like a good wife, stilled her anxiety, and obeyed her husband's summons.

Edward met her at the station with an open carriage, and proposed to drive round and look at some houses, before going home. The carriage entered a quiet, pleasant road in the suburbs of the town.

"Here is a house which a friend of mine has lately purchased; I should like you to see it," Edward said, as they stopped in front of a neat, roomy cottage, standing in the midst of a large, handsome garden; and putting aside her fears of intrusion, he lifted her from the carriage, followed by the children, and went up the garden walk.

Entering without ceremony, he led her from room to room, enjoying her heartfelt praises of the furniture and decorations, the pleasant apartments, the many conveniences, with which the house abounded. Parlor and drawing-room, and sleeping apartments had been examined, and then they passed towards that part of the house which contained the kitchen and offices. Pausing for a moment, Edward threw open a door, and discovered a dining-room, with a substantial dinner smoking upon the table. To Fanny's surprise, he [illegible] ful domestic approached her with [illegible] of welcome, at the same time her husband requested her to lay aside her bonnet and take her place at the table. Smiling at her bewilderment, he proceeded to help her to take off her shawl, then led her to the head of the table, where, with a kiss, he seated her and welcomed her to her new home.

"Our home, my love, our very own, I assure you," he said, when the first tumult of surprise was over, and the viands were being discussed with tolerable calmness. "Changes have occurred since you left me. I am clerk no longer, but partner in the firm, with a large share in the profits considering that I had no capital of consequence, independent of my business talents. Mr. Page advised me to buy this property at the very time he offered me the partnership; and he and his partner furnished the house, as a token of their appreciation of my services in detecting that swindling concern last winter, by which I saved them some thousands of pounds. It is all ours, secured in your name. With life and health, my fortune is safe now, and we shall enjoy here the fruits of all our toils and sacrifices."

That very evening the doors of the cottage were thrown open, and the friends of Edward and Fanny flocked in to welcome them to their new home. Mrs. Page had planned and prepared the feast in warning, and her gift was the handsome dress in which Fanny appeared the mistress of the house.

Edward and Fanny watched [illegible] departure of the last lingering guest, [illegible] closed door, [illegible] and [illegible] the husband turned and clasping the dear partner of his most [illegible] heart, said, [illegible] wedded hope, for all [illegible] and an [illegible] door, for prosperity [illegible] industry [illegible] [illegible] love, for happy prospects [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS.

BY L. F. A.

"WELL, I'm very sorry that I don't understand politics," said a Black-beetle one day, as he stood before a notice at a sign-post forbidding trespassers.

"You understand politics! You don't understand anything—except how to lick the blacking off a pair of boots," said a Grasshopper, who overheard the remark and felt himself in a particularly belligerent mood.

"Well," said the Black-beetle, "there is one thing which I do understand, and which you seem to be quite ignorant of, and that is how to treat a gentleman when I meet one."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Grasshopper. "Come now, I like that! And you call yourself a gentleman, do you?"

"Well, when I was a child——"

"What did you say? Why, you never were a child; you were always a Black-beetle."

"Well, I mean to say when I was young——

"And that must have been a precious long time since, I should say. Judging from your appearance," was the ready retort of the Grasshopper.

One word brought another, and the pair would have come to blows but for the timely appearance of a sweet little Lady-bird.

"Gentlemen," she said, "I am quite ashamed of you. Is it not necessary to conduct yourselves in this manner; but, there, I suppose I must forgive you, as the cause of your disagreement was politics. How do you do, Mr. Grasshopper; won't you introduce me to your friend?" And she smiled at the Beetle, who gazed at her with a would-be fascinating look.

"With pleasure," replied the Grasshopper; and with a stately air he presented the Lady-bird to the Beetle.

"You will excuse me leaving, Miss Ladybird," said the Grasshopper; "I have an appointment, and I find I have loitered long enough."

"Quite too long, I should say," said the Beetle to himself.

"But I am going your way, Miss Lady-bird," continued the Grasshopper. "May I accompany you?"

"Thanks, Mr. Grasshopper, but I came to invite you to tea. And will your friend come also? for we shall be quite a social party, and as I heard him remark a few minutes ago that he was sorry he did not understand politics, he will have the opportunity of hearing the views of some of our best politicians."

The Beetle answered for himself assuring the Ladybird that he should be "most happy."

"You will come at five o'clock, then. We live in a rose bush, the third from the shrubbery gate. I will look out for you. Until then, adieu," and with a smile the Ladybird trotted off alongside the Grasshopper.

"I did not think you were so kind to strangers and foreigners, Miss Ladybird," the Grasshopper said, in a rather sarcastic tone.

"Indeed?" she replied. "Then you have been doing me a great injustice, for I am particularly kind to strangers. I do so grieve for I hear across such as you Lady-birds can give. And the Grasshopper, who was not the least bit dense, knew that the loss meant, "I am not at home," and shortly bidding with whom I like."

By this time they had reached the rose-bush, so the Grasshopper said good-bye, and Miss Ladybird went home to prepare for her guests.

"Well, my dear," said Miss Ladybird's mother, "you've had a long time away."

"Yes, mother. I helped Mr. Grasshopper quarrel with a friend, and——

"Why, my child, I thought he was the quietest creature imaginable. How have you managed——"

"But, mother dear, I reconciled them and invited his friend to join our party this evening. Was that right, mother?"

"Well, my dear, you know I like to have it is always very unwise to meddle with other people's affairs and get mixed up with their quarrels.

Mr. Grasshopper would fight? Why, he must be positively low. But who is his friend?"

"His name is Black-beetle, and he looks black enough. But what is the matter, mother? You look quite frightened!"

"And no wonder, my dear. I am very sorry that you invited this person, for Black-beetles are our enemies; they have been known to eat us up alive. No good ever comes of mixing oneself up in other people's quarrels. Oh, be careful, my child!"

Cautious mother Ladybird was far off the mark, for as soon as the Grasshopper and his companion were out of sight the Beetle burst out laughing.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he said. "Yes, my sweet little lady, we will come to tea, and shall wait for supper also, and eat up your fair self as a morsel."

But, alas! what the Beetle proposes does not always come off. Mr. Beetle's chuckling anticipation was overheard by a Hedgehog, who followed him to his home, which was underneath an old beer barrel. The Hedgehog listened at the door—I mean by the beer-barrel—and overheard Mr. Black-beetle's plan, which was to gather all his friends and neighbors together and make a bold attack on the rose-bush, third from the shrubbery gate. The Hedgehog waited to hear no more, but went off to consult his wife.

"Well, my dear," she said, for she was a dutiful wife, "I will do my best; but we are only three among a great crowd. Suppose I go and ask Mrs. Hen and her three daughters, to assist us."

"A splendid plan, my dear. Why, what a good head you have got, to be sure!"

Shortly after five o'clock a dark procession of Black-beetles might have been seen and heard creeping along the side of the shrubbery and hiding themselves all round about the rose-bush, third from the shrubbery gate. A little behind them came Mr. and Mrs. Hedgehog and their son; and behind them again Mrs. Hen and her daughters. "Not a sound was heard," but young Mr. Hedgehog, who was on the watch because his sight was better than his father's, gave the signal only just in time, for the rose-bush was being besieged by the Beetle's numerous friends, and its occupants were screaming for aid. Then what a dash was made by Mrs. Hen and her daughters and the Hedgehogs! They pecked and pecked until not one Black-beetle remained. But the poor little Lady-bird in her fright flew away and quietly hid herself in the very heart of a beautiful rose.

Presently she felt a sudden jerk and peeped out. The rose to which she was clinging was in a basket with a number of others which were being carried along by a young lady's hand. Another jerk and another peep, and Miss Ladybird hidden in the rose was becoming a dinner guest. Soon the company sat down to dinner, and conversation began. Here little Miss Ladybird heard more about politics in one half hour than she had heard for life in the whole of her life. Dinner came to an end, but Miss Ladybird was not even noticed, for, as she had a while when she peeped out she saw the rose in which she was concealed standing a bad

[illegible]

[illegible]

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QUIET WAYS.

Nothing's gained by worrying,
By hurrying
And scurrying;
With fretting and with flurrying
The temper's often lost;
And in pursuit of some small prize
We rush ahead and are not wise,
And find the unwonted exercise
A fearful price has cost.
'Tis better far to join the throng
That do their duty right along;
Reluctant they to raise a fuss,
Or make themselves ridiculous.
Calm and serene in heart and nerve,
Their strength is always in reserve
And nobly stands each test;
And every day and all about,
By scenes within and scenes without,
We can discern, with ne'er a doubt,
That quiet ways are best.

SCOTCH FANCIES.

The fire and force of the Scottish imagination are seen and felt in the ballads of Scotland; its fertility is conspicuous in these superstitions—in the folk-lore of the common people, their traditions and social customs.

Thus, on the birth of a child—to begin at the beginning—it was imperative that both the mother and the babe should be "sained;" that is, a fir-candle was carried thrice round the bed, and a Bible, with a bannock or some bread and cheese, was placed under the pillow, and a kind of blessing muttered—to propitiate the "good people." Sometimes a fir-candle was set on the bed to keep them off. If the new-born showed any symptom of fractiousness, it was supposed to be a changeling; and to test the truth of this supposition, the child was placed suddenly before a peat fire, when, if really a changeling, it made its escape by the "leen," or chimney, throwing back words of scorn as it disappeared. There was much eagerness to get the babe baptized, lest it should be stolen by the fairies. If it died unchristened, it wandered in woods and solitary places, lamenting its melancholy fate, and was often to be seen. Such children were called "tarans."

It was considered a sure sign of ill fortune to mention the name of an "unchristened wean," and even at the baptism the name was usually written on a slip of paper, which was handed to the officiating minister, that he might be the first to pronounce it.

Great care was taken that the baptismal water should not enter the infant's eyes—not because such a mishap might result in wailings loud and long, but because the sufferer's future life, wherever he went and whatever he did, would constantly be vexed by the presence of wraiths and spectres. If the babe kept quiet during the ceremony, the gossips mourned over it as destined to a short life, and perhaps not a merry one. Hence, to extort a cry, the woman who received it from the father would handle it roughly, or even pinch it.

If a male child and a female child were baptized together, it was held to be most important that the former should have precedence. And why? In the "Statistical Account of Scotland" the minister of an Orcadian parish explains: "Within the last seven years he had been twice interrupted in administering baptism to a female child before a male, who was baptized immediately after. When the service was over, he was gravely told he had done very wrong, for, if the female child was first baptized, she would, on coming to the years of discretion, most certainly have a strong beard, and the boy would have none."

If a maiden desired to summon the image of her future husband, she read the third verse, seventeenth chapter, of the Book of Job after supper, washed the supper dishes, and retired to bed without uttering a single word, placing underneath her pillow the Bible, with a pin thrust through the verse she had read.

On Allhallow Eve various modes of divination were in vogue. Pennant says that the young women determined the figure and size of their husbands by drawing cabbages blindfold—a custom which lingers still in some parts of Scotland. They also threw nuts into the fire, or they took a candle and went alone to a looking-glass, eating an apple, and combing their hair before it; whereupon the face of the future spouse would be seen in the glass, peeping over the foolish girl's shoulder.

Burn describes another of these charms. "Steal out unperceived," he says, "and sow a handful of hemp-seed, harrowing it with anything you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then, 'Hemp-seed, I sow thee; hemp-seed I sow thee; and him—or her—that is to be my true love, come after me and pou' thee.' Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions says, 'come after me and show thee'—that is, show thyself—in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, 'come after me and harrow thee.'"

It is curious to read that the wedding-dress might not be "tried on" before the wedding-day; and if it did not "fit," it might not be cut or altered, but had to be adjusted in the best manner possible. The bride, on the way to church, was forbidden to look back, for to do so was to ensure a succession of quarrels and disasters in her married life.

It was considered unlucky, moreover, if she did not "greet" or shed tears on the marriage-day—a superstition connected, perhaps, with that notion of propitiating the Fates which led King Amasis to advise the too fortunate Polycrates to fine himself for his prosperity by throwing some costly thing into the sea.

It was thought well to marry at the time of the growing moon, and among fisherfolk a flowing tide was regarded as lucky. Childermas Day was regarded as singularly unfortunate. Notions and customs such as these were puerile enough, to be sure; but before we censure them too harshly, we must ask ourselves whether our weddings nowadays are wholly free from superstitious observances; whether we do not still fling old slippers, and smother with showers of rice the "happy couple?"

Grains of Gold.

A man's folly ought to be his great secret.

Ways are seldom wanting to him that wills.

What we learn with pleasure we never forget.

Truth may languish, but it can never perish.

There is no honor where there is no shame.

A rascal grown rich has lost all his kindred.

Unbidden guests know not where to sit down.

At the gate which suspicion enters love goes out.

He who would catch fish must not mind getting wet.

As often as thou dost wrong, justice has thee on the score.

As virtue is its own reward, so vice is its own punishment.

We are never so happy or unfortunate as we think ourselves.

We are born crying, live complaining, and die disappointed.

He that has no silver in his purse, should have silver on his tongue.

He that would by the plough thrive, himself must either hold or drive.

Eat little at dinner, less at supper, sleep quiet, and you will live long.

They who would be young when they are old, must be old when they are young.

Teach self-denial and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

The avaricious man is like the barren, sandy ground of the desert, which sucks in all the rain and dews with greediness, but yields no fruitful herbs nor plants for the benefit of others.

Femininities.

"Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend; be discreet." "Speaking without thinking is shooting without taking aim."

Clerk: "What can I do for you, miss." Miss: "I propose adopting a common sense cycling suit, and would like to see some brown 'limbings.'"

Bounce: "What's the matter with your seal-skin cap? It's a faded ruin." Jounce "Oh, that's my wife's work. She's been saving it from the moths with various chemicals."

A man never gets thoroughly disgusted with love's young dream until he has given a girl a ring, and three days afterwards discovers that she has been to a jeweler to ascertain its value.

In Turkestan when a wedding engagement is broken the girl's parents must either return the lover's gifts or substitute another daughter, if they have one.

In Switzerland a milkmaid or man gets better wages if gifted with a good voice, because it is said that a cow will yield one-fifth more milk if soothed by a pleasing melody during the process of milking.

Miss Ella Ewing, of Price, Mo., is said to be eight feet and two inches in height, and weighs 250 pound. She takes up the collection every Sunday in one of the churches of Price, and attracts more attention than the minister.

A strong-minded woman who supports her husband remarked recently that she wouldn't have the condition reversed. "You have no idea," she said, "how sweet and affectionate a man is who is dependent upon you for his spending money."

A woman named Butler is the first of her sex to vote at a general election in England. Her name was put by mistake on the voting list of Barrow, and the presiding officer at the polls held that he had no authority to inquire into her sex when the name was once on the list.

"Are you frightened, miss?" asked the policeman of the young lady from Boston, who stood on a step to avoid a fierce looking dog. "Not exactly. But my curiosity has been very much aroused." "What do you mean miss?" "I was wondering whether that canine is mad or only indignant."

An ingenious mother who has long been bothered by the fastidiousness of her children at table has at last discovered a way of circumventing them. She places what she wants each child to eat before its neighbor at table, and of course each cries for what the other has, and the ends of justice are promoted.

It is cheerful news for women that among their recently acquired equal rights is that of being insured on practically the same terms as men in the majority of the leading life insurance companies. Among the women who are carrying large policies now are Mrs. J. Sloat Fassett, Mrs. Hearst, widow of Senator Hearst; Mrs. Hamilton Disston and Mrs. Jennesse Miller.

A French physician has just discovered in rocking chairs a new and potent agency for good. The gentle and regular oscillations of these chairs have, it appears, a wonderful effect in stimulating the gastro-intestinal peristasis. If your digestion is sluggish and you suffer from atony of the stomach, all you need is to rock yourself for about half an hour and all will be well.

"Do let me have your photograph," asked a dashing belle of a gentleman who had been annoying her with his attentions. The gentleman was delighted, and in a short time the lady received the picture. She gave it to her servant with the question, "Would you know the original if he should call?" The servant replied in the affirmative. "Well, when he comes, tell him I am engaged."

A San Diego, Cal., woman who was pestered, as many people are, by other folks' chickens scratching up her flower bed and littering her yard, hit on a novel scheme for conveying a gentle hint to her neighbors. She tied a lot of small cards with string threads to big kernels of corn and wrote on the cards, "Please keep your chickens at home." The chickens ate the corn and carried the message to their owners in a fashion that was startling and effective.

"What has become of Miss Blank, who was always such a favorite in your set?" "Her father failed some weeks ago, and all they had was sold by the sheriff." "Poor thing!" "And now they have to live in a little rented house out of town." "What a change! How she must grieve!" "Yes. She is so much changed that even her best friends would not recognize her. I met her in the street to-day and did not know her at all, poor thing!"

Miss Edith Walker, a young lady of Bogota, in Columbia, has notified the municipality that she intends to present herself as a candidate for a vacancy on the police staff of that town, and that she will wear a modified form of kepi, blue tunic and knickerbockers. The temperance ladies are actively supporting her claim, declaring that the drunken will be ashamed when they find themselves arrested by a woman, who has, it is said, "faultlessly classical features and sympathetic but searching blue eyes." A female policeman is certainly the most curious antidote to intemperance as yet lighted upon.

Masculinities.

Nell: "When is marriage a failure?" Belle: "When nobody sends presents."

A man has, generally, the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind.

Wilkins: "Well, Cooper, how do you find yourself?" Cooper: "Oh, I wake up in the morning, and there I am!"

Orange-blossoms, says a disappointed one, are the ironical symbols of marriage; the blossoms are white, the fruit is yellow.

Husband: "I suppose you'll be asleep when I come home." Wife: "You mean you suppose you'll come home when I'm asleep."

The man whose house is built on the sand can talk very bold in fair weather, but how quick he turns pale when it begins to thunder.

Said the lecturer, "The roads up these mountains are too steep and rocky for even a donkey to climb, therefore I did not attempt the ascent."

The sufferer: "Do you think it would relieve my toothache if I should hold a little liquor in my mouth?" His wife: "It might, if you could do it."

Wife: "The night you were away, John, the baby cried for nearly seven hours." Husband: "Why didn't you tell him I wasn't here? He would have stopped then."

She: "Why do so many men boast of the amount of liquor they can drink?" He: "It's quite natural that a man who drinks much should get the swelled head over it."

He: "When you married me, Phœbe Jane, you seemed to think I was a pretty good match." She: "I did! But you've never once kindled a fire for me from that day to this!"

Mrs. Winks: "So you have taken another companion for better or worse, eh?" Mrs. Second Trip: "Only for better, my dear. He can't possibly be worse than the other one was."

The wife: "I've quit asking people if my bonnet is on straight." The husband: "Why, my dear?" The wife: "I love you too much, John, to disgrace you by calling a body's attention to an old bonnet like this."

The Duke of Cumberland, son of ex-Queen Marie, of Hanover, was born without a nose. The one which adorns his face is the result of much ingenuity on the part of the surgeons who attended him as an infant.

The Marquis of Queensberry has decided that Lady Sholto Douglas, formerly a waitress in a San Francisco concert hall, is fit to take her place in the ranks of English aristocracy, and will accept her as a daughter-in-law.

"Did I understand you to say that sandchase was suffering from heart trouble brought about by financial embarrassment?" "No; I said he was suffering from financial embarrassment brought about by heart trouble. The actress he was engaged to has jilted him."

The will of a woman who recently died at Bayonne, N. J., contained a peculiar provision. It explicitly directed that the body of the deceased be cremated, and the ashes scattered upon her husband's grave. The wish expressed in the will, however, was not carried out by the heirs.

He: "I am very unfortunate. It seems I can please nobody." She: "Come, cheer up! I have no one to admire me, either." He: "Tell you what—let's found a society for mutual admiration. I, for instance, admire your beautiful eyes; and what do you admire in me?" She: "Your good taste."

She had fidgeted in her chair for a good hour, until she could stand it no longer. Said she in accents which told how she had suffered: "George Mc Stuyer, you are not indifferent to me; I will be your wife if you will only ask me, and if you don't want me, say so. But there is one thing you must understand, once for all—this is not a continuous performance house."

People at Ocean Park, near Portland, recently were horrified to see a man thrown from his bicycle, get his leg twisted out of shape, and then mount his wheel again and ride off with the broken limb dangling at his side. But it was a wooden leg. The rider had attached it to the pedal by some device so that it would look natural, and did the propelling with the other.

The Austrian Archduke, Ludwig Salvator—who travels under the name of "Captain Seidendorff"—had, not so long ago, a very narrow escape from drowning on the Algerian coast. When "at home," he lives in a beautiful place named Miramar, on the north coast of Majorca. Like his brother, "John Orth," whose fate is still shrouded in mystery, he is very eccentric and adventurous. His yacht is always kept ready for a sea trip, and when he once starts, he may return in a couple of days, or remain away twelve months.

At one time the Duke of Wellington's extreme popularity was rather embarrassing. For instance, on leaving home each day he was always intercepted by an affectionate mob, who insisted on hoisting him on their shoulders, and asking where they should carry him. It was not always convenient for him to say where he was going, so he used to say, "Carry me home, carry me home," and so he used to be brought home half a dozen times a day a few minutes after leaving his own door.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A particularly neat and pretty promenade gown is of cornflower blue silk crepon, trimmed with ivory white satin. The full skirt flares in many folds at the foot, and is void of adornment.

The back of the bodice is stretched. The blouse front is of white satin, adorned with three deep points of blue silk crepon trimming, reaching to the waist. The full collar band of white satin is adorned on either side with choux of satin. The full sleeves are very bouffant, the lower muscles being snugly fitted and finished at the wrist by a band of satin. The full tulle is of white satin.

The white chip hat is garnished with flowers, ostrich plumes and cornflower blue ribbon.

Another stylish gown for the promenade, is of dark blue mohair. The godet skirt has pocket flaps of white suede, covered almost to the edge with ecru guipure.

The blue jacket, with a wide collar and revers of white suede covered to within an inch of the edge with ecru guipure, opens over a white muslin front with a narrow box pleat deeply frilled and fastened with small studs. The very large gigot sleeves are fastened into the armhole. The cuffs are of white suede, trimmed with guipure and edged with a frill of white muslin. The draped collar band and belt are of white satin ribbon, with loops at the back.

The large blue straw chapeau is trimmed with bows of white satin ribbon, and black and white wings.

A walking costume is of bolge crepon. The skirt is very full, and flutted plainly at the foot.

The bodice is of crepon, lightly frilled with a fluted basque. A narrow satin extends down the fronts of the bodice and around the edge of the basque. The bodice opens over a white batiste chemisette, with a stiff collar, and is ornamented with a large square collar of pointed muslin, trimmed with lace insertion and a frill of muslin. A small necktie is worn with this costume. The immense bishop sleeves are finished by cuffs of pointed muslin, with lace insertion and a frill to correspond with the collar.

The bulge colored straw hat is trimmed with poppies, grasses and ribbon bows.

A dainty gown is made of dark green crepon, having a very full skirt. The bodice has three wide box plaits in the front, drooping over the belt. The large, round collar of grass lawn, laid over a collar to match the bodice, is trimmed with insertion and terminates at the centre box plait. The very bouffante sleeves are finished at the elbow, being met by long gloves. The full collar band and belt are of grass lawn.

The fluted hat is trimmed with a large butterfly bow of lace.

Another stylish gown of ecru linen has a godet skirt adorned at the foot with applique lace.

A band of wide insertion defines a scalloped yoke of applique lace. The finely plaited corsage of linen is mounted on the scalloped yoke. The very large mutton-leg sleeves are snugly fitted, being without adornment at the wrist. The grosgrain girdle is fastened by a large mother of pearl buckle. The neck is finished by a collar band of ecru ribbon.

The very large hat is caught up in the back and adorned with many plumes and laces.

A pretty gown is fashioned of lilac silk-colored cloth. The skirt is buttoned down on each side three pearl buttons over a tablier of the cloth, and showing narrow panels of mauve velvet at the edge.

The short, open jacket, with large revers and collar of white silk, displays a full blouse front of mauve batiste, frilled with buerre-colored lace. The full collar, with gravat ends edged with lace, is of mauve batiste bell. The sleeves are very large gigots.

The straw toque is trimmed with lace, jetted wings and roses.

White muslin is being much used for revers and white collars of linen, blue or gray serge or alpaca.

Shot silks are more fashionable than ever, and, like alpaca, they make excellent promenade gowns.

The Inverness ulsters are very much up to date garments, made of tartan silk, either plain or changeable, with a long fluted skirt, as long or nearly so as the dress skirt. They are made mostly in colors, the most fashionable color at present being red, verdigris, a brownish green and violet blue. They are unlined and finished with broad collars and revers, tailor stitched, or else lined with a contrasting color. Alpaca is used in rainproofs for morning wear or for travel.

A very pretty semi morning gown worn at a lawn fete was of gray faille. The very full skirt was covered with gray mousseline de soie, and the waist and sleeves with the same material accordion plaited. The belt and stock collar were dotted with silver sequins. The large gray straw hat was trimmed with gray ostrich feathers and white wings. A white cape that hung gracefully from the wearer's arm was made with the same gray faille, covered with gray muslin accordion plaiting gathered under a yoke of applique lace. It was all lined with bright white silk.

A chef d'oeuvre is a pale ecru flower blue silk with posies of tea roses over it and a flehu of applique lace, giving a very distinctive air. A very much younger toilet of the finest India mull is made over a white silk slip. The muslin is embroidered in fleurs de lis, in shades of old rose. With the gown was a large hat of tulle and chiffon, with many fleurs de lis arranged artistically upon it.

Linen striped crepon, grass lawn, wool serge, fine drill, pique and spotted and embroidered muslin are all very much in evidence and promises to be the materials most worn for weeks yet. A blue linen, cut with a very full skirt, has a broad band of white linen on the bottom, and sleeve it, on the blue linen, a row of narrow embroidery in white and lighter shades of blue. The waist and sleeves are striped with white linen and adorned between the stripes with the same embroidered pattern. The large, coarse black straw hat has bows of blue and white ribbon, and bunches of corn flowers, poppies and white oats. Black and white are more fashionable than ever, not only in silk and satin, but in muslin and linen as well. A black and white rather broad striped muslin is made up very sweetly over pink silk, with pink or chiffon sash and large, loosely-made rosettes instead of the usual bow. A pale pink hat trimmed with black lisse and pink and black ostrich tips is worn with it.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Apples, peaches and pears are quite as healthful dishes as berries, and are delicious and appetizing served uncooked, fresh and cold, or made into pies, puddings and creams, for the breakfast, luncheon, dinner or tea table. When serving them in their natural condition, select those of a spicy flavor; drop in tea water for a few moments, then wipe and polish with a soft towel. Arrange in a small fancy basket, giving each guest with the fruit a plate, a silver knife and finger bowl.

To serve apples with cream take very ripe apples; pare and slice; place in a bowl and sprinkle with powdered sugar and a little nutmeg; set on ice until cold, and serve with thick, rich cream. Apples and peaches cold make a very easily prepared dessert. Pare well flavored apples and ripe, sweet peaches in the proportion of three peaches to one apple; chop into small pieces; place in a fruit bowl in alternate layers, sprinkle with powdered sugar and pour ice. Serve immediately.

A very acceptable breakfast dish is baked apples. Wipe sweet, ripe apples clean; remove the cores; stand them in a baking pan; fill the centres with butter and sugar, sprinkle lightly with cinnamon and powdered sugar. Bake in a moderate oven until tender. Serve cold in their own syrup.

Codelled apples are made of tart, ripe apples of uniform size with the cores carefully removed. Stand the fruit in the bottom of a porcelain lined kettle; spread thickly with sugar; cover the bottom of the kettle with boiling water, and allow the apples to steam on the back of the range until tender. Take up carefully without breaking; pour the syrup over the apples and stand aside to cool.

To make apple snow, pare, core and steam half a dozen large, tart apples until tender; press through a sieve and set aside to cool; when cold, add a cup of sugar and the juice of a lemon; beat the whites of six eggs; add carefully to the apple, and serve immediately.

A very delicious dish for dessert or high tea is charlotte de pomme. Pare and quarter ten tart apples; put them in a kettle with two cups of sugar and half a cup of water; let steam gently until near. Take up; line a deep baking dish with slices of sponge cake; turn the apples in, make a hole in the centre and fill with currant jelly. Set in a slow oven for over an hour; turn out carefully on a dish. Serve with sugar and cream.

The secret of the success of the Chinese in their treatment of shirts is said to be due to their care in the preparation of the starch. They use only the best quality, and dividing the amount into equal parts, boil one half of it, adding a little spermaceti. When this has become cool enough to bear the hand in, they dissolve the other half well in cold water, and stir it into the boiled part, straining the whole through silk bolting cloth.

A great deal of labor is saved by judicious and methodical sorting of the clothes, and also by sorting the soiled things overnight. The day before the wash let the different items be put aside in distinct sets—under linen, flannels, colored things, bed linen by itself, table linen and napkins, dish towels. On wash morning begin with the flannels, as they need to be dried right off; whilst they are drying, wash the bed linen and then the starched things. Lastly, do the colored things. Pantry towels and all kitchen towels should be washed and ironed daily as soon as they are soiled, but you will always have a heap of coarse clothes to put out as the last thing on washday.

On exhibition lately was an effective set of toilet covers of yellow hemstitched linen, worked with bees and pink clover, while another very handsome set, with quilt to match, was in blue, covered with ribbon tied bunches of wild flowers. The coloring of one quilt, in pink and cream, introducing a large monogram, was exquisite, and the fine embroidered sheets and pillow cases are embroidered entirely in white, one of the newest designs being "Cupids and Mottoes." A dainty simple night dress case has a border of violets. For the latest fancy at the bedfoot in summer is not the light quilt, the folded spread of down, covered with either silk or pretty chesse cloth, but the night dress sachet.

To make nice clam chowder use fifty round clams, wash very thoroughly and put them in a kettle with a pint of water. When the shells are open they are done. Take from the shells and chop fine, saving the clam water for the chowder. Cut into inch pieces one pound of pork and fry out slowly. When the scraps are a good brown take them out and put in three good-sized onions that have been chopped fine and fry lightly. Add one quart of hot water to the onions; put in the clams, clam water and pork scraps. After it boils add four potatoes cut in thick slices and then in half, and when they are cooked the chowder is finished. Just before it is taken up thicken it with a cup of powdered crackers and add a quart of fresh milk. No seasoning is needed but black pepper.

By lovers of sea food, fried clams are considered a great treat. This variety known as the longer soft shell clams is the kind used for frying. They may be had at the markets sold in bunches. Wash the clams by dipping them in and out of a pan of cold water. Drain and wipe dry. Then dip each clam in beaten egg and afterward in bread crumbs. Have a frying-pan containing hot fat. Test the fat by dropping in a piece of bread. Lay the clams in the fat and cook them on both sides until brown, not longer than five minutes, as they require but little cooking. If the fat is too hot the clams will burst. Drain in the oven on brown paper. When all are cooked, place them on a hot platter and garnish with slices of lemon and parsley.

Stuffed or devilled clams are fine. To prepare them wash twenty-four clams and boil them one hour. Pick them out of the shell and chop them very fine. Put in a frying-pan two tablespoonfuls of lard and fry two chopped onions light brown. Then add three fresh tomatoes chopped, or four tablespoonfuls of canned tomatoes, a pinch of mace, one tablespoonful of vinegar, and salt and pepper to taste. Last add two well beaten eggs. Fill the clam shells with this mixture, and sift bread crumbs over them. Bake in a hot oven ten minutes.

For clam fritters, chop twenty-five clams. Make a batter with one pint of flour and sift into it a scant teaspoonful of baking powder. Add a half pint of sweet milk and nearly as much of the clam liquor, and two eggs beaten light. Beat the batter until it is smooth, and then stir in the clams. Put plenty of lard in the frying pan and let it become boiling hot; put in the batter by the spoonful. Let them fry greatly. When one side is a delicate brown, turn and cook the other side. This makes an excellent breakfast dish.

To Bleach Sponge.—Sponge may be bleached almost snow-white by the repetition of the following process:—Soak it in diluted muriatic acid ten or twelve hours, then wash it with water, and immerse it in a solution of hyposulphite of soda, to which a small quantity of diluted muriatic acid has been added. Wash and dry it.

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A PRINCE'S CLOTHES.

THERE was an amusing account in a New York paper recently of the various disbursements which the Prince of Wales is supposed to make for dress. If one had believed the writer, his Royal Highness' tailor must be on the high road to fortune, and the various shops with which he deals in the West End are to be considered lucky beyond words.

It is astonishing how far some London correspondents of the American press will go in their efforts to find out exactly how the Prince bedecks himself. When a responsible journal condescends to tell us that his Royal Highness wears seventy dress suits in the course of the year, and has a new silk hat every day, even the credulous may stop to take breath.

As a matter of fact, the "First Gentleman in Europe" does spend a great deal of money with his tailors. It should be remembered, nevertheless, that much of this is for uniforms. The Prince is popularly supposed to possess seventy military uniforms—and this total is about accurate.

When we remember that a cavalry outfit may cost a hundred and fifty pounds at a low estimate, and that subalterns entering a line regiment rarely begin with a lower disbursement than fifty or sixty pounds, the amount that the Prince's uniforms have cost him is easily to be guaged.

A Minister's full-dress coat, such as is worn by members of the Cabinet, costs about one hundred and fifty guineas. The heavy gold lace upon it is the dear item, and all regimental uniforms which are heavily laced are proportionately expensive.

The Prince, of course, possesses for the most part Colonels' uniforms, but as a Field Marshal he is compelled often to renew the terribly expensive outfit to that rank, and it is in this fine tunic that he appears at most military ceremonials, and at Royal weddings or other great occasions of State. In addition, he possesses many naval uniforms, and the dress of a large number of German, Russian and Austrian regiments.

Putting aside the question of uniforms, upon which his Royal Highness cannot spend less than three or four hundred pounds a year, we come to his ordinary dress. It is admitted universally that very few men in town manage things with more taste, or have a quicker eye for a good cloth. There are youths, no doubt, whose tailors' bills are far larger than the Prince's, for he is by no means extravagant, although exceedingly particular about his clothes.

Nor does he pay absurdly fancy prices, as many people suppose, being charged at the usual rates of a West end house. This means that a frock coat may cost him twelve guineas, a dress-suit somewhere about fifteen, trousers four guineas, and an ordinary "ditto" suit from eight to ten guineas.

When he is in town, and not in uniform, the frock coat is invariably worn by the Prince. No doubt, during the London season, he "consumes" a large number of these articles—perhaps two a month, of which one will be a light gray one.

And it is a habit of his never to wear a coat two seasons running, even if it has only been used two or three times by him. As he is in town perhaps six months in the year, his total of "frocks" may be set down roughly at twelves.

In dress-suits he is supposed to be particularly extravagant—but this is not really the case. Any man about town has five or six dress suits a year. The Prince may have a dozen, but the story told in a contemporary recently, that he had one a week, is pure nonsense.

When the Prince is going to Newmarket, he often wears a "ditto" suit with a light covert coat over it. In "ditto" suits, perhaps, his total would astonish the humble man who pays his tailor thirty pounds a year, and considers that heavy.

It is certain that he never wears one of these suits more than two or three times, and his stock of them is tremendous. Of shooting-suits for the autumn he has an immense variety, using a different style of dress for battue work to that adopted for ordinary work with the dogs. Here alone for country dress he can scarcely spend less than a hundred pounds a year.

In the matter of hats, it is a well known fact that the Prince has three a fortnight, also buying a large number of bowler and square block hats for country use.

At Sandringham there is a hat room, with a man whose chief duty it is to keep the Prince's "opera" in a high condition of polish. In the same palace a number of vast wardrobes contain the bulk of the uniforms and clothes which are not in regular use.

When simple people are considering the dress of a man of fashion, they are very prone to forget one of the items which is almost of chief importance. This is the haberdasher's bill. Very few well-dressed men will spend less than fifty pounds a year with their haberdasher; some will pay him as much as two hundred.

Those large scarves which are now worn with a frock-coat often cost half a guinea. There are scores of up-to date youths who have fifty pairs of gloves per annum; three dozen shirts would be regarded as an absolute minimum. So far as the Prince is concerned, he never wears a pair of gloves twice, and in this, and the matter of boots, he is unquestionably the best-dressed man in the kingdom.

When the haberdasher is settled with, there remain a large number of items necessary to the completely-dressed man. Of riding-breeches, at seven guineas a pair, the Prince must have half a dozen pairs in the course of a year.

He will have also two or three sets of flannels—though he does not often wear them—and a large number of blue serge suits for yachting. In the winter he prefers a dark beaver overcoat, but he has a sable-lined fur coat which cost him over five hundred guineas; and his lighter garments and covert-coats are very numerous.

The above list does not pretend to be anything like a complete one. It gives merely the foundation of his Royal Highness' wardrobe, from which it will be seen that he has little change out of seven or eight hundred pounds when he comes to settle up each year.

For this sum, however, he remains the best-dressed man in town, and of his taste in dress, even though the now young man will not always follow it, there can be no question.

The tailors know well that what the Prince chooses will be in the main the vogue for the year, and if they have any particular pattern or style to push, it is their first endeavor to persuade him to adopt it. Occasionally, as we say, the new young man re uses the lead.

He did so conspicuously a few years ago in the case of a striped stuff for "ditto" suits. The Prince wore one of these suits at Newmarket, and the tailors hastened to lay in large stocks of the cloth. But the "gilded youth" would not have it, and the tailors were bitten.

OLD MYTHS.

IN the Scandinavian Mythologies as embodied in the Eddas there are many bright and beautiful myths which should be familiar to every man who has any pride in his race, and in those peoples from whom he has descended.

In this system there were several gods and goddesses, the most important of whom were Odin, Thor, Tyr, Balder, Helmdal, Loki, Vidar, Frigga, Freya, Saga, and Syn.

Odin was the chief of the Gods, the Leader of the Wild Huntsmen and of the Raging Host, the Arbiter of Battles, the Giver of Victory, the God of Nature, the Storm-God, and the Ruler of all Things. Thor, the Defender of Asgard, and the Destroyer of the Giants, was second to Odin only; Tyr was the Sword-God; Baldei, the Sun-God; Helmdal, the Guardian of the Rainbow-Bridge Bifrost, had ears keen enough to hear the wool grow on the backs of the sheep; Loki, the Instigator of Evil, afterwards expelled from Asgard and bound in a cave where a horrible serpent dropped venom on his face; Vidar, the Silent, the son and final avenger of Odin.

Frigga, was the wife of Odin, the Queen of Heaven; she ruled with him over the fate of mortals, and dwelt in a magnificent palace called Fensalir. Freya was worshipped as the Goddess of Beauty and Love, and she shared with Odin the heroes slain in battle. Saga, Goddess of History, and Syn, the keeper of the door of the great Hall, were less important and less frequently worshipped.

The universe was roughly divided into three distinct abodes—Asgard, the home of the Gods; Midgard, the Earth; and Helheim, the abode of Death.

Midgard was encircled by a vast ocean on the cold desolate further shores of which was the abode of the Giants and Monsters, Jotenheim. Beneath the earth, dwelling in caves and caverns, were the Dwarfs and Elves of Gloom.

Helheim was ruled by Hela, the offspring of the Evil Loki; hither came all who died from sickness or old age, or without their swords in their hands. All who died in battle ascended to Valhalla, where they lived in enjoyment until the Fenris Wolf should attack the Gods, when under their guidance they would fight for their defense.

Of monsters and prodigies there was no lack. The dread Fenris Wolf; the terrible Midgard Serpent, whose bulk encircled the earth, the dog Garm, who was bound in a cavern in Helheim; and others the like, played their part in this strange cosmogony. But there were also beneficent and kindly spirits who helped both Gods and men. Such were the Elves of Light; the Valkyries who incited the warriors to mighty deeds, and conducted the bravest of the slain to the joys of Valhalla; and the Norns or Fates who dispensed the destinies.

HOW WORDS HAVE CHANGED.—Villa formerly meant a farm, not a house.

Daisy was originally the eye of day, or day's eye.

Girl formerly signified any young person of either sex.

Hag once meant an old person whether male or female.

Gallon was originally a pitcher or jar, no matter of what size.

Voyage was formerly any journey, whether by land or sea it does not matter.

Polite at first meant polished, and was applied to any smooth, shining surface.

Good-bye is an abbreviation of an old English form of parting, "God be with you until we meet."

A vagabond was originally only a traveler or person who went from place to place with or without a definite object.

Shrewd once signified evil or wicked. Thomas Fuller uses the expression, "a shrewd fellow," meaning a wicked man.

Moonstruck is borrowed from astrology. It formerly described one driven mad by sleeping in the rays of the moon.

Peck at first first meant a basket or receptacle for grain or other substances. The expression at first had no reference to size.

Starve was once to die any manner of death. Wycliffe's sermons will tell how "Christ starved on the cross for the redemption of men."

The word miscreant formerly signified only an unbeliever, an infidel. Joan of Arc, in the literature of her time, was called a miscreant.

Acre once meant any field. It is still used with this significance by the Germans, who speak of God's acre, alluding to the cemetery.

Meat once meant any kind of food. In one old English edition of the Lord's Prayer the well-known petition is rendered, "Give us this day our daily meat."

Town originally signified a farm or farm-house. It is used by Wycliffe in this sense, "and they went their ways—one to his town, another to his merchandise."

ACTIVITY NOT ENERGY.—There are some men whose failure to succeed in life is a problem to others as well as to themselves. They are industrious, prudent, and economical; yet, after a long life of striving, old age finds them still poor. They complain of ill-luck. They say that fate is always against them. But the fact is they misstarry because they mistake mere activity for energy. Confounding two things essentially different, they have supposed that, if they were always busy, they would be certain to be advancing their fortunes. They have forgotten that misdirected labor is but waste of activity. The person who would succeed is like a marksman firing at a target; if his shots miss the mark, they are waste of powder. So in the great game of life, what a man does must be made to count, or might almost as well have been left undone.

BOARD SCHOOL GLOSSOLOGY.—In answer to some questions as to the birthright which Esau forfeited and the nature of it applied in a country Board school to the children themselves and what their birthright was, one boy showed a good deal of practical sense, however deficient theologically, who answered that his birthright was his "gran'father's big watch." Not quite so satisfactory was the answer of a boy whose class was being questioned on the parable of the Prodigal Son. The examiner dwelt, as a practical question, upon the prodigal spending his substance in riotous living and especially what "riotous living" actually meant. The inquiry elicited no reply except from a boy whose solution, however fresh and breezy, bore striking testimony to his Bohemian surroundings at home—"Please, riotous living means spending your money like a gentleman."

OYSTERS.—By securing variety in temperature, through planting oysters in different depths of water, as practised in Connecticut, oysters can be obtained in a fit condition for the table every week in the year. The greater the heat the earlier the oysters will spawn. Those in deeper and colder water will feel the heat later. Some portion of the oyster-field, so to speak, will therefore be ready for harvesting at all times

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INCHES.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold as Dollard's for the last fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

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Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '93. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract of Vegetable Hair Wash" regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

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I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
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Ex-Member of Congress, 8th District.

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SNOBBERY REBUKED.

Once, at a social party, Madam K.
(A foreign actress of especial note
For reading well what other people wrote,
And writing lil what few can truly say
They ever read at all) said, with a sneer,
When C. was praised—a famous artisan—
"What!—a mechanic and a gentleman!
Pray tell me, sir, are such things common here?"

"Why, no," replied the wittiest of men—
Looking the while, serenely in her face—
"Perhaps 'tis not a very common case,
And yet such things do happen now and then.
Just in your trade one may chance to be
An actress and a lady—don't you see?"

J. G. S.

What does every one thirst after?—A red herring.

A bad habit to get into—A coat that is not paid for.

Epitaph for a cannibal—"One who loved his fellow-men."

"Is there any fixed rule for writing poetry?" wrote a correspondent to a country editor. His reply was—"There is. Don't!"

First friend: "Did you get her photograph while you were away?" Second friend: "Well—ah, the fact is, she gave me her negative!"

"Dried tongue," was the answer which a minister gave some one who asked him what he had in his carpet bag, which contained seven sermons.

Mrs. Maloney: "That's a foine child of yours, Mrs. Murphy. How could is be?"

Mrs. Murphy: "He'll be two years to-morrow. He war born on the same day as his father."

A teacher said to a little girl at school, "If a naughty girl should hurt you, like a good girl you would forgive her, wouldn't you?" "Yes, ma'am," she replied, "if I couldn't catch her!"

Mistress, greatly scandalized: "Is it possible, Huldah, you are making bread without having washed your hands?"

New kitchen girl: "Lor', what's the difference, mum? It's brown bread."

"We must fly," said Murat to Napoleon on one occasion when the battle had gone sorely against them.

"It is impossible," replied the latter. "The enemy has destroyed both wings of the army."

"You'll have to hurry up on this building," said the boss of a gang of laborers.

"We're ahead of time now, ain't we?" suggested one of them.

"Yes. But the contractor wants to hurry and get it all up before it falls down."

A lad who had lately gone to service, having had salad served up at dinner every day for a week, ran away. When asked why he had left his place, he replied, "They made me yeat greess i' th' summer, an' I wur afeard they'd mak' me yeat hay i' th' winter, an' I could no' stand that, so I wur off."

Languid Lester: "Heer'd what happened to Heavy Hoskins?"

Musing Matthews: "No."

Languid Lester: "He foun' a bottle dat wuz half full of somethin' dat looked like whisky, an' he drinks it, an' it turns out to be dat medicine what cures dat tired feelin', an' now de poor fellow is lookin' for work."

A half educated revivalist, who recently went forth to enlighten the ignorant, while dealing with the parable of the Prodigal Son, was anxious to show how dearly the parent loved his child. Drawing himself together, and putting on his most sober look, he dilated at length upon the killing of the fatted calf. The climax was as follows—"I shouldn't wonder if the father had kept that calf for years, awaiting the return of his son."

Mdlle. Titine received a basket which she ordered her cook to open immediately. When the lid was taken off, out scrambled two frisky lobsters.

"Who sent it?" asked Titine. "Is there no card, no letter?"

"Oh, it's enough to guess!" replied the cook, with a shrug of her shoulders. "Madame knows very well that Monsieur Georges went shooting yesterday!"

Tableau!

A weaver, tired and weary, wending his way slowly by the banks of the Forth and Clyde Canal towards St. Mungo, hailed the steersman of a passing barge and asked him if he would "tak' him on to Glesca'."

"Ou, ay," replied the bargeman, "gin ye'll work yeer passage, mon."

"A'll do that," answered the weaver, with joyful alacrity.

"There then," cried the steersman to him at the same time casting a rope's end ashore—"tak' that an' pu'."

"Got any mail for me?" asked the man of the postal clerk.

"None."

"No letters?"

"None."

"Any postal cards?"

"None."

"That's somethin' wrong somewheres. You took an' give Bill two letters this here same week, and Mally got three postal cards an' a almanick! I'd like let know what this here Gov'rnment's got ag'in me!"

LORD BRACO AND THE BEGGAR.—The enjoyment of the miser is the sight of his money, for, while he makes no use of it any more than other people who chance to see it, both are about equally rich.

There is an amusing exemplification of this in a story related of an ancestor of the Earl of Fife. The nobleman alluded to was named Braco, who, observing a farthing lying on the ground, and covered with dirt, took it up and cleaned it carefully. A beggar was passing at the time, and seeing the lord pick up the coin, entreated it as a gift, observing it was not worth the attention of such a great man as he, Lord Braco, was.

"Find a farthing for yourself, my poor man," replied the lordly miser, putting it into his own pocket.

The same lord was so frugal, as to be his own rent collector to save the percentage. A tenant one day paid him a farthing short in his rent; the debt of course could not be passed over. The man was despatched to make up the full amount, and went away for the purpose; on his return, and after he had settled his rent to "the uttermost farthing" with this dignified personage, he thus addressed him—

"Now I would give a shilling, Lord Braco, to have a sight of all the gold and silver which you possess."

"Well, man," his lordship replied, "it shall cost you no more."

The shilling was paid down in hand, and his lordship fulfilled his part of the bargain, exhibiting to his tenant a considerable number of iron boxes filled with gold and silver money.

"Now, my lord," said the tenant, "I am as rich as you, after all."

"How, my man?" said his lordship, inquiringly.

"Because I see the money, my lord, and you have not the heart to do anything more with it."

JOHN'S PEAR TRICK.—"How many pears have I on my plate, pa?" asked a smart boy one evening. "Two, my son," answered the fond parent, surveying the mellow fruit. "No, sir; I've four, and I can prove it!' triumphantly remarked the juvenile. "How do you make that out?" asked the perplexed father. "Well, sir, haven't I two pears, and don't two pairs make four?" grinned the urchin. "All right, my son. You have too many," said the old man, getting up and reaching over. "Here, mother; you take one and I'll take one, and John may have the two that are left."

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Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Du Bois Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 11.30 a m, 12.50, 1.30, 2.35, 5.00, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.30 a m, 12.30, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 8.10, 9.10, 10.18, 11.14 a m, 12.57 (Dining Car), 2.38, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.10, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 7.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 8.00 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

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FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.00, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 1.00, (Saturday only, 1.32 p m), 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.33, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.06, 4.20, 6.33, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, daily does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.0 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m) 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Reading, Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m), 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m), 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m, For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves; Week-days—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10 45 a m, (Saturdays only 1.30) 2.00, 3.00, 3.40, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.40 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, 7.00 a m. Sundays—Express, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 10.00 a m, 4.45 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m. $1.00 Excursion train 7.00 a m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City (depot) week-days, express, (Mondays only, 6.45) 7.00, 7.45, 8.15, 9.00, 10.15 a m, 3.15, 4.30, 5.30, 7 30, 9.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.25, 8.00 a m, 4.32 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, from foot of Mississippi Ave., 6.00 p m. Sundays—Express, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.0, 9.30 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 5.00 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, from foot of Mississippi Ave, 6.10 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

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